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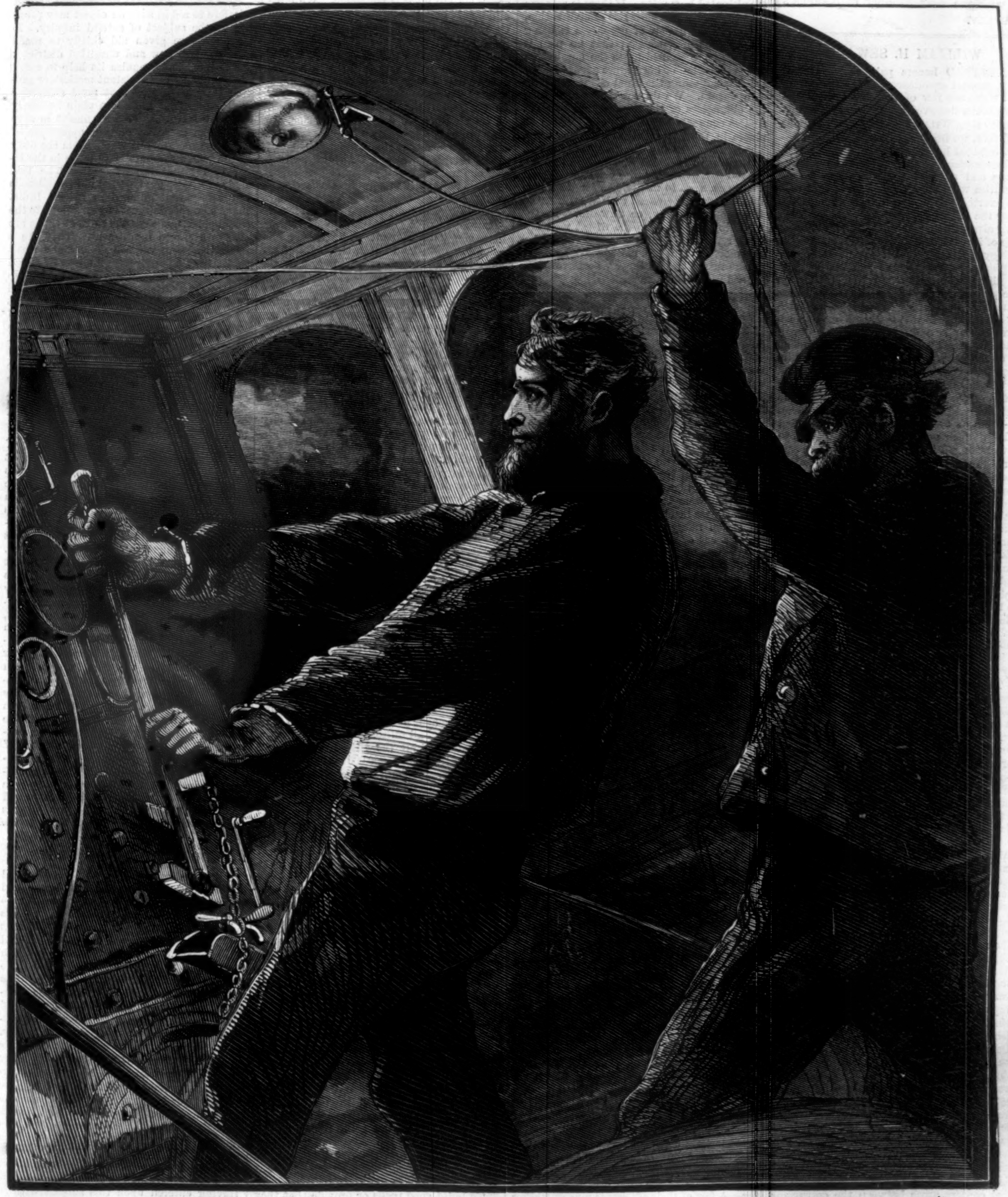

THE MEADOW BROOK DISASTER—STICKING TO HIS POST.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 388.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 10, 1873.

CIRCULATION 150,000.

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WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Merited honors paid to moral and mental excellence are always useful, and there are few of our countrymen who have better deserved the esteem of the community than William H. Seward. Friends and foes, we believe, will now unite in admitting that he was patriotic, disinterested, a sincere friend of freedom; that he was humane and moderate; that his intellectual faculties were strong and active; and that he exerted a high and beneficial influence over the fortunes of his country. New York will always honor the name of Seward as one of its most eminent politicians, and the eulogy delivered by Mr. Adams at Albany expresses very closely the general sentiment of the nation. It was a graceful act on the part of the orator to repay the generous praises Seward had awarded to John Quincy Adams, his father, twenty-five years before, by similar and no less sincere appreciation, to raise his theme out of the confusion of contemporary history, and to place him once more before his countrymen as he stood in the dark days of the opening rebellion, or in the bright morning of his youth, when he first assumed the championship of freedom, and, amidst corruption and decay, founded a Republican party. He seems, indeed, to have belonged to the school of the two earlier Adamses. He inherited their resolute hostility to slavery, their confidence in the prospects of universal liberty, their patience and moral vigor. But he was a lawyer, trained in the subtleties of his profession; like John Adams, he made his way to eminence by the union of legal, scholastic, and oratorical ability, and hence his zeal for emancipation never reached the passionate ardor of the man of letters who reflects the opinions of all ages, or the deep thinker who is led on by a great and overpowering conviction. He was always temperate and calm, though firm and unyielding, and he moulded the opinions of his countrymen by a long series of logical appeals rather than by sudden bursts of feeling or of eloquence.

That Mr. Adams should paint with a dextrous and most delicate touch the finer shades of Seward's character in language so simple as to exhibit all the refinement of thought, was not unlooked for: he speaks with the sympathy of one clear and logical intellect for another, with an admiration for his theme founded upon no common regard. Nor is it possible to survey with him the course of the eminent leader—his cheerful and hopeful temperament, his open and winning manners, his overflowing heartiness and ready humor amidst all the storms of politics, his persistent progress onward—without an equal sympathy. Seward's career began and continued during that thirty years of the gradual decay of the country amidst all its material prosperity, when the grasp of slavery was fixed upon the government, and the South taught all the vices of an oligarchy; when the national conscience was clouded, and it began to be doubted whether every man was designed for freedom; when the overwhelming influence of European fashions, titles, license, and wickedness began to destroy the republicanism of our cities, and the ideas of the founders of the republic were slowly perishing amidst a tide of transatlantic folly. Democracy was transformed into despotism, and noted Democratic leaders held openly that the working-man was only fitted to be a serf. From this mental decay Mr. Seward helped to relieve us; through all his career, from its obscure dawn to its honorable close, he never ceased to be an American and a republican. His life had a definite purpose to defend the rights of man. Yet while we may join in all the grateful laudation of his eulogist, we do not think that when the final contest arose between the corrupting element of our society and the purer and wiser part the position of Mr. Seward could have been better chosen, or that he was not more useful in the place of chief adviser of the Administration than he would have been as its executive head. The people, we think, chose wisely when they placed the supreme control of affairs in a stronger if ruder and less cultivated hand. We do not know that Mr. Adams intends to lead to a contrary inference; and we are quite willing to admit that the diplomacy of Lincoln's administration gained much of its success from the cautious and temperate firmness of his chief adviser; that to few men does freedom owe more, or all the coming generations of freemen, than to our patriotic statesman.

With one portion of Mr. Adams's address we are still less satisfied, and his definition of greatness, or, perhaps, of great men, is too paradoxical to admit of a wide reception, for his definition must be taken in connection with his illustrations; and the names he selects as the symbols of eminence are such as almost shock the higher sense of cultivated humanity. If there is any one trait that marks the slow rise of civilization, it is that the notion of greatness is being lost in that of goodness; that no man is thought fit to be held up to the admiration or the imitation of his fellows except he has aided in softening the cruel elements of human nature. We do not desire to discuss the characters of the men with whom Mr. Adams connects Mr. Seward, and whom he places in the first rank of statesmanship. The half-maddened enthusiast, Gregory I., the enemy of knowledge, the cruel and depraved Richelieu, and even the elegant Pericles, seem to us little better than barbarians when compared with Washington, Hampden, Lincoln, or Seward. In the strife to be great even the wisest men lose their sense of higher aims; and we suspect our most eminent and most beloved citizens in the future will be those who have never sighed for official honors.

THE NEW CHARTER.

Nearly three years have passed since the labors of reform began in the city of New York, and were extended through the whole country; since the fearless and brilliant assault of the New York *Times* and its few allies upon the stronghold of corruption—the Tammany Society—began to shake the foundations of a rigid despotism, and to terrify the strange oligarchy which had assumed the control of the Democratic party. The condition of affairs in New York city when the revolution began resembled that of a mania or a nightmare. The people knew that they were being robbed, they saw the thieves pass insolently before their eyes clad in stolen finery, yet they never dared to raise a cry or to expose themselves to the vengeance of the oppressor. Republicans had long abandoned all hope of resistance, honest Democrats were overawed by their criminal associates, and the barbarous rule of the foreign population and a foreign Church which had been strengthening for twenty years seemed fixed on the city and almost the whole country forever. When the reformers of the press began their direct attacks upon the thieves they were at once threatened with ruin, assassination, calumny, the frowns of the bench, the violence of mobs, the barbarity of foreign ignorance, and nothing but their resolute courage saved them from an imminent destruction. Had they faltered, they would have been set upon by a throng of cowardly but enraged assailants, and that reign of riotous bloodshed would have commenced in which frauds might have been concealed or forgotten, and no vouchers of past misdeeds have been preserved.

The *Times* led on the assault with such courage and ceaseless labor, such a clear sense of rectitude, such a nice perception of the wants of the hour, as have seldom been equaled in journalism, and, aided by the pencil of an inimitable artist, whose profuse fertility of illustration enforced every truth, by men of letters and men of action, has conquered. The community rose in support of the reformers, the best and wisest of its people of all parties have shared in the contest, and the whole nation has felt the new impulse of reform. A general purification has followed the exciting struggle, and New York has ceased to be the centre of a political corruption whose malarious influence had reached to the most distant limits of the country. The passage of the new charter has naturally suggested our retrospect. Imperfect as it is in many particulars, in some respects so mortifying a compromise between the good and the evil elements of society, it yet marks a distinct victory, and promises a final triumph. It is well to count up our gains. By two years of active labor the corrupt rulers have been driven from power. A few of their adherents may still cling to their offices, but they will be gradually removed. The Mayor and Controller are men of such undoubted honesty as may well command respect; and in the rare industry, courage, and high integrity of Mr. Green through the most difficult and even dangerous periods of the recent struggle, the city has been saved from bankruptcy, and economy, order, and honesty infused into every department where his influence could reach. Against him the enemies of reform have aimed all the arts of political corruption and intrigue, and have received a signal defeat. Had the charter done no more than secure to us the Mayor and the Controller, it would have been of infinite value.

A sense of security may now rest upon the city which it could never feel while there was the faint prospect that its plunderers might drive the Controller from power. Taxation has already been reduced; the salaries of innumerable officials have been lowered or withdrawn; our immense debt will be consolidated and known; expenditures reduced to the lowest point, and nothing expended but what is necessary. We have a judiciary that is worthy of confidence, and that no longer owes its elevation to the criminal classes. The Board of Education has been reformed, and will be in future wholly unsectarian. We may look for a revival and a gradual improvement in the management of the public schools. That crime will be repressed by rigid punishment, since most of its abettors are driven from office, we may properly hope; and we may congratulate each other that the startling spread of moral corruption among the young, which was the natural result of the bad examples of high officials, will now be checked, and that the new generation will learn from our rulers lessons of honesty and public virtue.

The labors of the past two years have thus been singularly fruitful, and whoever has been diligently laboring in the cause of reform with no selfish motive may now reflect with merited satisfaction upon his course. The cultivated journalists who threw the clear light of intelligence upon the mass of corruption, who overthrew the powerful usurpation, or the resolute citizens of both parties who aided them, have a firm hold upon the grateful regard of the community. They have saved it from utter demoralization as well as from the loss of millions. Nor is it probable that the course of reform will stop here. There are a large number of questions pressing upon the city affecting its prosperity and well-being. Within the next few years it is possible to make education so effective and thorough as to check the growth of pauperism and crime. We may depopulate the prisons and almshouses by compulsory education. There are the problems of quick transit, of cheap communication, of improved lodging-houses, of clean streets, of new facilities for commerce, of docks and warehouses, still to be decided; and the same energy and cultivation which have overthrown the rule of ignorant usurpation may serve to make New York an example of what the metropolis of a republic ought to be.

PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS. FREE RAILWAYS.

The London *Times* suggests the possibility that a cry for free railways will be heard at the next Parliamentary election, and that the government may be called upon to take the control of all railroads in its own hands. The value of all the British railways is placed at from $3,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000—an immense amount for the government to assume. With us the people are already demanding cheap transportation in every part of the country, and are calling for governmental interference to provide a rapid communication between the interior and the sea. As the old system of roads has grown useless in the necessity for passing over great distances, railways have become the only means of connecting the various sections of the country. Yet with us population and trade have grown too rapidly for the railway accommodation. We have only two direct lines leading West from New York, and two farther to the south. The roads are overtasked, especially in winter, by the vast productiveness of the country; they are in the hands of private owners, who exact an extraordinary tribute from an unwilling people. Our only public highways from the ocean to the centre of the continent are not only too few to supply the wants of trade, but are burdened with such high charges as to close them to a large part of the public. An immense quantity of food perishes in the Northwestern States that a new system of railways would bring to the sea. And the great region of the upper valley of the Mississippi, already more populous and opulent than many a European kingdom, complains that it has no free highway to the Eastern cities.

To build good roads or provide that they shall be built has always been held a proper duty of governments. From Rome to Peru, from King Alfred to Lincoln, it has been found necessary for every nation to unite in creating its own means of internal communication. Private enterprise has never been sufficient to satisfy the wants of a rising community, and the most important question of the hour with us as to commerce and travel is how to open an easy, rapid, untrammeled pathway from the most distant portions of the West to the Eastern harbors. It seems certain that a direct railway must be built from New York to Chicago; that its capacity must be sufficient to afford an ample opening for trade and travel; that its rates of fare and freight should be such as only to represent the interest on the cost; that the cost of building it should be swelled by no usurious contracts, and should be tainted by no disastrous frauds. Other lines will, no doubt, soon be required in various directions, but a central railway from the sea-board to the heart of the Northwest is plainly demanded by the majority of the people.

How far the national government should interfere to aid in such an object may properly be the subject of careful inquiry. It has heretofore given aid chiefly to roads built through new and unsettled districts; but if the people require its help to carry their provisions to a distant market, or provide them with food that must otherwise perish unused, if there is a plain necessity for the interference of government to save them from extortion and the oppression of private speculators, it would seem the duty of the whole community to unite in the labor of internal improvement. The best mode of giving government aid to railroads is, possibly, that pursued in British India. There a certain interest is guaranteed to the stockholder, and thus the railway funds are always a secure investment. They are a safe reliance for widows, minors, and small capitalists; and a provision might be added that the stock should never become an object of speculation. If at low fares it still paid a large dividend, a sinking fund might be created to pay off the stockholders, and still further reduce the cost of travel. In England, on the other hand, the government has reserved the right of becoming the owner of all railways; and the people are already desirous of taking them out of the control of men like Hudson or Peto. A cloud of fraud, misfortune, bankruptcy, and extortion has covered the English system of private ownership from the beginning.

We trust, therefore, that the meeting of the Congressional committee on this subject in New York, and also that of the producers and consumers, which is to be held at the same time (May 6), will tend to indicate both the wants of the people and the best means of satisfying them. It is certainly not creditable to our reputation for enterprise that the most productive portion of the country, and what must soon, too, become the most populous, is in a measure isolated from a market, and often prevented, not only by the high tolls but by the actual overcrowding of the railways, from supplying wheat, corn, beef, pork, and bacon to the Eastern States and Europe. It is stated that Chicago is frequently filled with provisions for which there are no means of transportation Eastward. It is certain that the great national highways, which alone give prosperity and ease to the people, should not be left in the hands of private speculators; that the cost of transportation should not be controlled by the avarice of a few owners of stock; that the railways and water communications of the country should be so increased in number and capacity as to give ample room for trade, and be constructed and managed upon such honest principles as to render them in a certain sense free to all.

EDUCATION IN BROOKLYN.

An educational meeting was recently held at Brooklyn, in the Academy of Music, and an immense audience assembled to listen to the plans of reform suggested by various practical educators. It is an example that might be well followed in every city, and the subject of education is one upon which the people have shown, perhaps, too little active interest. The condition of the public schools every where should excite the deepest attention, for there is no department of civic government that so affects the prosperity and good order of the community. In Brooklyn, it seems, the system of public instruction is inferior to that of many other cities. The schools, it is stated, are overcrowded, the educational funds wasted, there is no proper training for teachers, and the higher departments of education are strangely neglected. And the meeting passed a series of resolutions urging the removal of the present Board of Commissioners, the introduction of extensive reforms, and, above all, the adoption of the compulsory system. Having entered upon this subject with so much vigor, we trust the Brooklyn educators will never cease in their labors until they have roused the interest of the whole community, and have made their beautiful city doubly attractive by giving it the highest opportunities for mental culture. If they would cultivate honesty in politics, reduce their taxes, insure economy and good government, they must see that all their citizens are educated.

Several of the topics discussed at the Brooklyn meeting may well attract the attention of the New York Commissioners. It was insisted that the public schools should be raised to so high a degree of excellence as to draw in pupils from all classes of society; that the teachers should be carefully prepared for their duties; that the whole community should be subjected to a similar course of instruction, and be blended together in a certain mental equality. These are points upon which we have often enlarged. We believe they have already been made the leading principles of public instruction in New York. But there is still great opportunity for improvement. Our system of training teachers should be made so rigid as to exclude all but the highest talent from this most difficult of professions. It is to be feared that our method in this respect has been sometimes superficial; that some persons during the recent rule of incompetent and corrupt officials have obtained positions in our schools who should properly have been excluded. In future we trust that the care of children will be committed only to those who can best form their morals as well as their intellects. And we think that no person should be selected as a teacher who has not passed through a normal college with honors and success.

In the Prussian schools the children of the noble and the peasant sit upon the same benches, and are educated together. So carefully trained are the teachers, so excellent the system of instruction, that the primary schools satisfy the wants of all classes, and that unwillingness to send their children to the public schools which marks a portion of our citizens has no parallel in the most exclusive aristocracy of Europe. In education all ranks are blended together, and it is said are mutually serviceable to each other. That we must at last adopt a compulsory system of instruction no one will doubt who considers the rapid growth of ignorance and its offspring, crime, among us. It may also be assumed that some education in trades and modes of industry must finally be added to our system of public instruction. But, at least, we trust a deeper interest in this subject than ever before will be shown by the public, and that all classes, parties, and religious denominations will unite in laboring for the welfare and the careful training of the children.

NOTES.

Mr. James Grant, who essayed in a very bungling manner to do for the English press what Mr. Frederic Hudson has so admirably done for the American, and who was very roughly handled for his errors and misrepresentations, has sought revenge upon the sharpest of his critics by publishing a supplement to his "history," giving what purports to be an account of the "origin and progress" of the *Saturday Review*. This was very foolish of Mr. Grant. The *Review* is not the kind of adversary it is pleasant to wake up. Of Mr. Grant's pamphlet it says: "Although we can not pretend to be an authority as to the private affairs of other people, we happen to know something about our own, and we now say that we quite underrated Mr. Grant's supernatural capacity for blundering and misrepresentation. There is, indeed, hardly a single statement concerning ourselves which (when it is not a pure invention) is not wildly and, to those who know the facts, ludicrously and incredibly inaccurate."

The admirers of those genuine poems of country life, Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, which from time to time during the past two years have appeared in the columns of the *Weekly*, will be glad to learn of their publication in book form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The volume is an exquisite specimen of typography, illustrations, and binding, and in their new setting the *Farm Ballads* will doubtless achieve a widespread and lasting popularity. Such poems as "Betsey and I are Out," "Over the Hills to the Poor-House," "Gone with a Handsomer Man," and "Out of the Old House, Nancy," move universal sympathies, while they touch many a heart which a higher grade of poetry would fail to reach. Such poems have their mission among the people, and will hold as secure a place in poetic literature as the loftier rhymes which the great masters build.

The adoption of postal cards in England and France has given rise, in both countries, to a new and intolerable abuse. A person was recently convicted in London of "a gross, vile, and most atrocious libel" on his own niece, by sending her a postal card containing an accusation of immoral conduct, whereby the young woman lost a position in which she was employed. The uncle was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars; and the judge who passed the sentence regretted that the law did not permit him to order the scoundrel to be flogged. We trust that the adoption of postal cards in this country will lead to no such misuse of the public mails; but if isolated cases of wanton libeling should arise under the system, they should be promptly punished with all the severity known to the law.

A London journal, *Once a Week*, refers in a very feeling manner to the return home of certain "third-rate Englishmen—novelists, actors, elocutionists"—who came over to this country in the hope of alluring dollars from the pockets of thrifty Yankees into their own. Greatly to their disappointment, these roving Englishmen discovered that while Americans are willing to pay well for first-class talent, either native or foreign, they suffer second and third-rate artists to subside quietly into merited obscurity. The unfortunate persons to whom *Once a Week* refers have, says that journal, "found out too late the truth of this, and very much wish they had stopped at home. They are on their way back to us, sadder but wiser men." It is very much to be wished that others who contemplate making the grand lecturing tour may take this warning to heart. Such men as Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade will receive an enthusiastic welcome from American audiences should they ever visit this country, but we have too many bores of our own to tolerate those of foreign importation.

PERSONAL.

Cornell University is fortunate in its friends. Mr. Henry W. Sage, of Brooklyn, recently gave $30,000 toward an endowment fund of $60,000 for a non-sectarian lectureship on morals and religion. The new College of Mechanical Engineering, in addition to every facility for acquiring theoretical knowledge, has been provided with a machine-shop, so that its students are ready for practical service at the time of graduation. Mr. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, put up the building and furnished the machinery at his own cost. Mr. Sibley also contributed $20,000 toward extinguishing a debt of $150,000 incurred by the university in material improvements. Messrs. M'Graw, Sage, and White each contributed a like sum, and Mr. Ezra Cornell $75,000.

—The edifice in which Andrew Johnson was born was pulled down a few days since. It was an old thing, and the people flocked to it to obtain relics. Some took a nail, some a piece of timber, while the emotions of others could be stifled with nothing less than a whole shingle.

—Albert Fearing, of Boston, fearing it might be wrong not to do it, has given $30,000 to the Liberia College at Monrovia, Africa.

—The reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has just been married to Miss Ellen Franz, a former actress of the ducal theatre. She will hereafter be known as Baroness von Helburg. The Duke's first wife was the Princess Charlotte of Prussia.

—The last rumor from abroad in reference to Mr. James Gordon Bennett appears in the London *Telegraph*, and is to the effect that he has purchased all existing rights of excavation in the plain of Troy.

—Lord Lytton, in *Kenelm Chillingly*, has some pithy suggestions as to the responsibility of parents for the names they give their children. For instance, of "Peter," he says no great Englishman has been called Peter. Sir Peter Lely had fame as a painter in London, but he was from Westphalia, celebrated for hams. Lord L. says nothing about "Pete." As for "James," he asks, "Who could have idealized the nickname Jim? That is, if not so flunkyish as James, much more irredeemably descriptive of a soul at the beck and call of society. It is to 'James,' even under its worst aspects, exactly what the foot-boy is to the flunky, and implies that respect or awe to the owner of such a name is simply impossible. Any one who had a taste for slipping good-naturedly through the world, and for being familiarly treated by every body he met, might not object to be called Jim. It is an honest sort of name, and a passport, as it were, to kindly treatment. But it puts dignity and power beyond the reach of the most sanguine hope. A man generally known among his acquaintances as 'Jim' might be very popular, and have great influence of the coaxing kind, but it is impossible he could take up any position requiring observance and reverence."

—Professor H. H. Boysen has been chosen Professor of Languages of Northern Europe in Cornell University. He is a Swede by birth, and at present connected with a college in Ohio. His late contributions to the *North American Review* have attracted the observation and approval of literary men.

—Colonel E. B. Morgan, of Aurora, Cayuga County, New York, one of the largest proprietors of the New York *Daily Times*, proposes to give the Auburn Theological Seminary grounds, buildings, and money to the amount of $500,000, provided that the institution shall be removed to Aurora. Henry Wells, of express company fame, has already built and endowed at that place a splendid seminary for the education of young ladies.

—George W. Johnson is the Whittington of Cincinnati. Of poor and humble parentage, his early manhood was given to house-painting and glazing. Afterward he became clerk to a wood-seller, then went into the business himself; fame and fortune followed, and now, behold him a mayor!

—A gentleman who recently had the pleasure of meeting Tennyson, at his own home, in company with a few bright people, and hearing him read, describes his manner and style of talking as quiet and gentlemanly, with a slight dash of what looks like indolence, and, especially at first, a stiffness and reserve that repel strangers. His eyes have a dreamy expression, and his face, when seen closely, is full of lines that suggest by-gone sorrow and care. His elocution was somewhat labored, and he seemed not to try to throw any variety into the reading by marked change of accent. It was, in short, a little monotonous, and perhaps overrefined. But he threw a good deal of subdued expression into his tones, and his voice was low and "musical as Apollo's lute." During the conversation the name of Emerson was introduced, at which he exclaimed, "Emerson! my favorite author. I can hardly tell you how much I owe that most brilliant of writers!" Hawthorne and Longfellow were also the subjects of his admiration.

—Mr. Mansfield, the "Veteran Observer," doubts whether tact in any considerable degree can be acquired. It is born with some persons, and is as natural to them as the color of their eyes or hair.

—The oldest "public functionary" of Europe is the Pope, now nearly eighty-one. Kaiser William is over seventy-six, hale and hearty. Von Moltke is about the same age. Thiers is just seventy-six. He comes of a longevitous family, his father having died at eighty-four. As he distinguished himself at school at eleven, he may be said to have led a life of distinction for sixty-five years.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes declines the tempting pecuniary offers to lecture next season. He begins to count the years, and thinks that his constitution, by-laws, and rules of order admonish him not to breast the storms of another lyceum campaign.

—The Queen of Greece is *en route* to St. Petersburg, accompanied by her children, for the purpose of spending the summer with her imperial parents.

—Sir John Herschel was of the opinion that, with the telescope he used in those astronomical researches which immortalized him, he could see objects four hundred and ninety-seven times further away than Sirius, which is so far distant that the sun is near at hand by comparison.

—The Modoc is a bad specimen. What Phil Sheridan said of the noble red man is coming to be generally thought about as right, viz., that "the only *good* Indian is a *dead* Indian." General Sherman, on being interrogated recently as to whether he did not believe the killing of General Canby an unparalleled instance of treachery, replied, in his quick, nervous way: "No, Sir; treachery is inherent in the Indian character. I know of a case where the Indians murdered the man who not over two hours before had given them food and clothing." He also cited several instances of Indian treachery and barbarity of which he became cognizant when in the West.

—Mr. Joseph Medill, editor, and Mayor of Chicago, was asked a few days since by a newspaper reporter if he would run again for the mayoralty. His honor replied, "There isn't political, or social, or pecuniary inducements enough in Chicago to hire me—not if the unanimous vote of every soul in the city were added. I have had enough."

—In reference to Commodore Vanderbilt's gift of $500,000 for a university at Nashville, it was stated at a meeting of the trustees, held a few days since, that the edifice is to be of sufficient dimensions to accommodate comfortably one thousand pupils.

—Lord Lytton's posthumous novel, *Kenelm Chillingly*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is a collection of epigrams rather than a story of incident or character. It describes the career of a clever, impulsive young man, full of theories, who is gradually cured of all his nonsense. Among the quaint sentences is one of the editor of a powerful journal, who "as a man of letters despised the world; as a man of the world despised letters; as the representative of both, he revered himself." Welby, the teacher of new ideas, is a realist, who regards Christianity "as a type of existent civilization which ought to be reverenced as one might reverence the other types of that civilization—such as the liberty of the press, the representative system, white neckcloths and black coats of an evening," etc. The work is filled with sayings equally as pithy and epigrammatic.

—Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts, seems to be growing in favor since he was first elected to the office. His official course has been generally commended, and his stand against the reckless use of the pardoning power has increased his reputation. A religious paper, speaking of him, says: "Governor Washburn does not dazzle the community by sensational messages and startling interferences, but he is a safe, sound, and sensible executive officer, concerning whom there are indications that he may be invited to serve for a third term." The Haverhill *Gazette* well says of him: "He seems to be Governor of the people, aiming to promote their best interests without unnecessary display or ostentation. He is, in fact, just such a Governor as Massachusetts delights to honor. Indeed, the people are not fond of change, but when they find a man faithful and true, they continue to give him their confidence and support."

—Banking and longevity seem to go along together. Theodore S. Dodd, of Bangor, Maine, has been cashier of the Kenduskeag Bank for nearly half a century. Next to him comes Edward Gould, of the Portland Traders' Bank, who has been in service forty years.

—Mr. Henry Watterson, the quite vigorous editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, speaks of it as a notable fact that a peaceably disposed citizen of Texas was arrested recently for carrying concealed weapons. When searched he had two six-shooters, one Derringer, and a pair of brass knuckles in his belt, and a poker flush in his coat sleeve. And H.W., of the *L. C.-J.*, upon that state of facts concludes that that man was simply prepared to make his way comfortably through the world; and to curb his young career upon so flimsy a charge was as cruel as it was unjust.

—Mrs. Florence Knox has been engaged to sing in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, at a salary of $2500 a year. She is from Michigan. That is the church in which the preaching and psalmody are upon a particularly large scale, and where they

"Prove their doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and—Knox."

—Of Senator Jones, recently elected from Nevada, it is said that his success is attributable mainly to his vigorous opposition to the abuses of leagued capital and the grasping power of railroad corporations. This, together with the "shadow, mightier than a great hand," arising among the farmers of the West against railway exactions, is among the noteworthy signs of the times.

—Colonel Mosby, whose military experiences, published by the Harpers, is right pleasant warrior talk, happened recently to enter the rooms of the Southern Claims Commission, at Washington, while Mr. Gardiner, of Loudon County, Virginia, was under examination with reference to a claim for certain property he had lost by Mosby's raids. Colonel Mosby took the stand, and stated that he remembered Gardiner as a stanch Union man, whom he had never chanced to see before, but had often tried to catch. The man's loyalty was established.

—And now they are endeavoring to ferret out Mr. Gladstone's forbears. While great doubt exists as to the proof of Sir R. Peel's descent from Edward III. being demonstrable, none exists as to that of Mr. Gladstone. His descent is traceable through the maternal side, the ancestor of his grandmother (who was a Mackenzie, of Torridon), Colin Mackenzie, of Kintail, having married the granddaughter of the Countess of Westmoreland, who was daughter of John of Gaunt, and whose tomb, in a somewhat mutilated condition, still stands in the choir of Lincoln Cathedral. It was a cherished desire of the late Chancellor Massingberd, who was himself (as was also one of his brother canons) a lineal descendant of John of Gaunt, to restore the Gaunt monuments, with their more modern and debased canopy, to their pristine beauty. It is well that we in America should not lose sight of this class of information.

—England proposes to honor the memory of Stonewall Jackson, to which end certain leading members of Parliament have contributed to a monument, which has just been finished, and is to be sent over here and placed over his remains.

—Longfellow and Bryant were recently admitted to honorary membership in the Academy at St. Petersburg. The occasion was one of much pomp and ceremony, nearly all of the eighty regular members of the Academy being present, and the royal family being represented by a Prince of the house of Romanoff, the Grand Duke Constantine.

—The Mobile *Register*, referring to a lecture to be delivered in that city by General Pendleton, says, "Perhaps the most curious point of all will be General Pendleton's clear and concise narrative of the great fight wherein the liberties of the South were lost—and lost by James Longstreet. The story of Longstreet's delay at Gettysburg has often been told; the effects of that delay have often been commented on, but only by General Pendleton have the motives which induced that delay been plainly and directly charged to the recusant."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

There is no news of great importance from the Indian war seat. The Modocs are believed to be still in the lava beds, but have changed their location to one of more water and grass. The peace conference at Camp Verde, Arizona, has resulted in the unconditional surrender of two of the worst bands of the Apaches. A government supply train has been captured and four of the attendants murdered by the Indians on Cole Creek, Texas.

Governor Kellogg telegraphs the Attorney-General that matters are quiet in Louisiana, with the exception of four or five parishes.

Three packages of United States bonds, amounting to $220,950, identical with those advertised by the Bank of England, have been found in a trunk in this city, together with cards and a card-plate bearing the name of Bidwell, one of the alleged forgers.

The steamer *Kangaroo* has arrived at this port with the first eighteen miles of the American shore end of the New York and London cable.

United States Collector Bailey, at Albany, has sold eight more locomotives belonging to the New York Central Railway, for $22,750.

Snow fell to the depth of four inches in Indianapolis on the 22d ult.

It is proposed to consolidate the Boston and Lowell, Fitchburg, Vermont, and Massachusetts, Troy and Greenfield, and Troy and Boston railroads, including the Hoosac Tunnel, for the purpose of increasing the Western freight business with Boston.

Thirty buildings in the central business portion of Fort Scott City were destroyed by fire on the 24th ult.

The official figures of the recent State election in Connecticut give the Democratic Governor, Ingersoll, a majority of 3237.

The "Suspect" bill, for the summary punishment of professional criminals, has passed the New York State Senate.

A large number of sailors' boarding-house keepers were arrested on the 25th ult. for resisting the new Shipping law, and thus embarrassing commerce.

The failure of the Atlantic National Bank of this city has just been announced. Its ruin is said to be due to the unfaithfulness of its cashier, who confesses that he has robbed the institution of nearly $500,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Bismarck made another strong speech in the Prussian Diet on the 24th ult., this time in support of the bill regulating the appointment and training of the clergy, which was subsequently passed in the Lower House.

The monarchists of France are said to be actively engaged in efforts for the overthrow of the republic, and there are grave apprehensions of serious troubles to come.

The Pope is said to have had another relapse, and is again confined to his bed.

The Dutch have suspended operations in Sumatra until the fall, but they still maintain the blockade of Atcheen.

A serious riot occurred in Frankfort, Germany, on the 21st ult., against the brewers and sellers of beer. The troops were called out, and twelve persons were killed and many wounded, while the police were stoned and sixteen breweries destroyed.

The British Parliament reassembled on the 21st ult. The annual budget was debated in the House of Commons on the 24th ult., and adopted, except in the matter of reducing sugar duties one-half, which was recommitted.

General Pieltain, the new Captain-General of Cuba, has reached Havana, where he issued a proclamation to the soldiers, the people, and the Volunteers. A decree has been published in the island returning to loyal wives the embargoed property of their disloyal husbands.

The French Atlantic cable has parted about two hundred and thirty miles from Brest.

Four insurgent Arabian chiefs have been executed at Constantine.

Frederick Doca, the American consul at Manzanilla, was drowned on the 15th ult.

A severe drought is causing much suffering among the people of Santiago de Cuba.

In Spain General Velarde has resigned as Captain-General of Catalonia, and General Pavia as Captain-General of Madrid. Señor Castelar and his colleagues have ordered the enlistment of men twenty years of age throughout the republic. President Figueras, owing to the death of his wife, temporarily resigned his position, and trouble arose because of the selection of Pi y Margall to act in his stead.

Atlantic cable charges have been advanced to $1 50 per word in gold.

A fire-damp explosion occurred in the parish of Rhuabon, North Wales, on the 24th ult., by which several miners were killed.

The safety of Sir Samuel Baker and wife has been assured by recent advices.

Twenty thousand coal miners in Leicester, England, are on a strike.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 10, 1873.

CIRCULATION 150,000.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing an installment of "The Parisians," by Lord Lytton; also a fascinating illustrated story by Miss Braddon, and other pictorial and literary attractions.

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WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Merited honors paid to moral and mental excellence are always useful, and there are few of our countrymen who have better deserved the esteem of the community than William H. Seward. Friends and foes, we believe, will now unite in admitting that he was patriotic, disinterested, a sincere friend of freedom; that he was humane and moderate; that his intellectual faculties were strong and active; and that he exerted a high and beneficial influence over the fortunes of his country. New York will always honor the name of Seward as one of its most eminent politicians, and the eulogy delivered by Mr. Adams at Albany expresses very closely the general sentiment of the nation. It was a graceful act on the part of the orator to repay the generous praises Seward had awarded to John Quincy Adams, his father, twenty-five years before, by similar and no less sincere appreciation, to raise his theme out of the confusion of contemporary history, and to place him once more before his countrymen as he stood in the dark days of the opening rebellion, or in the bright morning of his youth, when he first assumed the championship of freedom, and, amidst corruption and decay, founded a Republican party. He seems, indeed, to have belonged to the school of the two earlier Adamses. He inherited their resolute hostility to slavery, their confidence in the prospects of universal liberty, their patience and moral vigor. But he was a lawyer, trained in the subtleties of his profession; like John Adams, he made his way to eminence by the union of legal, scholastic, and oratorical ability, and hence his zeal for emancipation never reached the passionate ardor of the man of letters who reflects the opinions of all ages, or the deep thinker who is led on by a great and overpowering conviction. He was always temperate and calm, though firm and unyielding, and he moulded the opinions of his countrymen by a long series of logical appeals rather than by sudden bursts of feeling or of eloquence.

That Mr. Adams should paint with a dextrous and most delicate touch the finer shades of Seward's character in language so simple as to exhibit all the refinement of thought, was not unlooked for: he speaks with the sympathy of one clear and logical intellect for another, with an admiration for his theme founded upon no common regard. Nor is it possible to survey with him the course of the eminent leader—his cheerful and hopeful temperament, his open and winning manners, his overflowing heartiness and ready humor amidst all the storms of politics, his persistent progress onward—without an equal sympathy. Seward's career began and continued during that thirty years of the gradual decay of the country amidst all its material prosperity, when the grasp of slavery was fixed upon the government, and the South taught all the vices of an oligarchy; when the national conscience was clouded, and it began to be doubted whether every man was designed for freedom; when the overwhelming influence of European fashions, titles, license, and wickedness began to destroy the republicanism of our cities, and the ideas of the founders of the republic were slowly perishing amidst a tide of transatlantic folly. Democracy was transformed into despotism, and noted Democratic leaders held openly that the working-man was only fitted to be a serf. From this mental decay Mr. Seward helped to relieve us; through all his career, from its obscure dawn to its honorable close, he never ceased to be an American and a republican. His life had a definite purpose to defend the rights of man. Yet while we may join in all the grateful laudation of his eulogist, we do not think that when the final contest arose between the corrupting element of our society and the purer and wiser part the position of Mr. Seward could have been better chosen, or that he was not more useful in the place of chief adviser of the Administration than he would have been as its executive head. The people, we think, chose wisely when they placed the supreme control of affairs in a stronger if ruder and less cultivated hand. We do not know that Mr. Adams intends to lead to a contrary inference; and we are quite willing to admit that the diplomacy of Lincoln's administration gained much of its success from the cautious and temperate firmness of his chief adviser; that to few men does freedom owe more, or all the coming generations of freemen, than to our patriotic statesman.

With one portion of Mr. Adams's address we are still less satisfied, and his definition of greatness, or, perhaps, of great men, is too paradoxical to admit of a wide reception, for his definition must be taken in connection with his illustrations; and the names he selects as the symbols of eminence are such as almost shock the higher sense of cultivated humanity. If there is any one trait that marks the slow rise of civilization, it is that the notion of greatness is being lost in that of goodness; that no man is thought fit to be held up to the admiration or the imitation of his fellows except he has aided in softening the cruel elements of human nature. We do not desire to discuss the characters of the men with whom Mr. Adams connects Mr. Seward, and whom he places in the first rank of statesmanship. The half-maddened enthusiast, Gregory I., the enemy of knowledge, the cruel and depraved Richelieu, and even the elegant Pericles, seem to us little better than barbarians when compared with Washington, Hampden, Lincoln, or Seward. In the strife to be great even the wisest men lose their sense of higher aims; and we suspect our most eminent and most beloved citizens in the future will be those who have never sighed for official honors.

THE NEW CHARTER.

Nearly three years have passed since the labors of reform began in the city of New York, and were extended through the whole country; since the fearless and brilliant assault of the New York *Times* and its few allies upon the stronghold of corruption—the Tammany Society—began to shake the foundations of a rigid despotism, and to terrify the strange oligarchy which had assumed the control of the Democratic party. The condition of affairs in New York city when the revolution began resembled that of a mania or a nightmare. The people knew that they were being robbed, they saw the thieves pass insolently before their eyes clad in stolen finery, yet they never dared to raise a cry or to expose themselves to the vengeance of the oppressor. Republicans had long abandoned all hope of resistance, honest Democrats were overawed by their criminal associates, and the barbarous rule of the foreign population and a foreign Church which had been strengthening for twenty years seemed fixed on the city and almost the whole country forever. When the reformers of the press began their direct attacks upon the thieves they were at once threatened with ruin, assassination, calumny, the frowns of the bench, the violence of mobs, the barbarity of foreign ignorance, and nothing but their resolute courage saved them from an imminent destruction. Had they faltered, they would have been set upon by a throng of cowardly but enraged assailants, and that reign of riotous bloodshed would have commenced in which frauds might have been concealed or forgotten, and no vouchers of past misdeeds have been preserved.

The *Times* led on the assault with such courage and ceaseless labor, such a clear sense of rectitude, such a nice perception of the wants of the hour, as have seldom been equaled in journalism, and, aided by the pencil of an inimitable artist, whose profuse fertility of illustration enforced every truth, by men of letters and men of action, has conquered. The community rose in support of the reformers, the best and wisest of its people of all parties have shared in the contest, and the whole nation has felt the new impulse of reform. A general purification has followed the exciting struggle, and New York has ceased to be the centre of a political corruption whose malarious influence had reached to the most distant limits of the country. The passage of the new charter has naturally suggested our retrospect. Imperfect as it is in many particulars, in some respects so mortifying a compromise between the good and the evil elements of society, it yet marks a distinct victory, and promises a final triumph. It is well to count up our gains. By two years of active labor the corrupt rulers have been driven from power. A few of their adherents may still cling to their offices, but they will be gradually removed. The Mayor and Controller are men of such undoubted honesty as may well command respect; and in the rare industry, courage, and high integrity of Mr. Green through the most difficult and even dangerous periods of the recent struggle, the city has been saved from bankruptcy, and economy, order, and honesty infused into every department where his influence could reach. Against him the enemies of reform have aimed all the arts of political corruption and intrigue, and have received a signal defeat. Had the charter done no more than secure to us the Mayor and the Controller, it would have been of infinite value.

A sense of security may now rest upon the city which it could never feel while there was the faint prospect that its plunderers might drive the Controller from power. Taxation has already been reduced; the salaries of innumerable officials have been lowered or withdrawn; our immense debt will be consolidated and known; expenditures reduced to the lowest point, and nothing expended but what is necessary. We have a judiciary that is worthy of confidence, and that no longer owes its elevation to the criminal classes. The Board of Education has been reformed, and will be in future wholly unsectarian. We may look for a revival and a gradual improvement in the management of the public schools. That crime will be repressed by rigid punishment, since most of its abettors are driven from office, we may properly hope; and we may congratulate each other that the startling spread of moral corruption among the young, which was the natural result of the bad examples of high officials, will now be checked, and that the new generation will learn from our rulers lessons of honesty and public virtue.

The labors of the past two years have thus been singularly fruitful, and whoever has been diligently laboring in the cause of reform with no selfish motive may now reflect with merited satisfaction upon his course. The cultivated journalists who threw the clear light of intelligence upon the mass of corruption, who overthrew the powerful usurpation, or the resolute citizens of both parties who aided them, have a firm hold upon the grateful regard of the community. They have saved it from utter demoralization as well as from the loss of millions. Nor is it probable that the course of reform will stop here. There are a large number of questions pressing upon the city affecting its prosperity and well-being. Within the next few years it is possible to make education so effective and thorough as to check the growth of pauperism and crime. We may depopulate the prisons and almshouses by compulsory education. There are the problems of quick transit, of cheap communication, of improved lodging-houses, of clean streets, of new facilities for commerce, of docks and warehouses, still to be decided; and the same energy and cultivation which have overthrown the rule of ignorant usurpation may serve to make New York an example of what the metropolis of a republic ought to be.

PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS. FREE RAILWAYS.

The London *Times* suggests the possibility that a cry for free railways will be heard at the next Parliamentary election, and that the government may be called upon to take the control of all railroads in its own hands. The value of all the British railways is placed at from $3,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000—an immense amount for the government to assume. With us the people are already demanding cheap transportation in every part of the country, and are calling for governmental interference to provide a rapid communication between the interior and the sea. As the old system of roads has grown useless in the necessity for passing over great distances, railways have become the only means of connecting the various sections of the country. Yet with us population and trade have grown too rapidly for the railway accommodation. We have only two direct lines leading West from New York, and two farther to the south. The roads are overtasked, especially in winter, by the vast productiveness of the country; they are in the hands of private owners, who exact an extraordinary tribute from an unwilling people. Our only public highways from the ocean to the centre of the continent are not only too few to supply the wants of trade, but are burdened with such high charges as to close them to a large part of the public. An immense quantity of food perishes in the Northwestern States that a new system of railways would bring to the sea. And the great region of the upper valley of the Mississippi, already more populous and opulent than many a European kingdom, complains that it has no free highway to the Eastern cities.

To build good roads or provide that they shall be built has always been held a proper duty of governments. From Rome to Peru, from King Alfred to Lincoln, it has been found necessary for every nation to unite in creating its own means of internal communication. Private enterprise has never been sufficient to satisfy the wants of a rising community, and the most important question of the hour with us as to commerce and travel is how to open an easy, rapid, untrammeled pathway from the most distant portions of the West to the Eastern harbors. It seems certain that a direct railway must be built from New York to Chicago; that its capacity must be sufficient to afford an ample opening for trade and travel; that its rates of fare and freight should be such as only to represent the interest on the cost; that the cost of building it should be swelled by no usurious contracts, and should be tainted by no disastrous frauds. Other lines will, no doubt, soon be required in various directions, but a central railway from the sea-board to the heart of the Northwest is plainly demanded by the majority of the people.

How far the national government should interfere to aid in such an object may properly be the subject of careful inquiry. It has heretofore given aid chiefly to roads built through new and unsettled districts; but if the people require its help to carry their provisions to a distant market, or provide them with food that must otherwise perish unused, if there is a plain necessity for the interference of government to save them from extortion and the oppression of private speculators, it would seem the duty of the whole community to unite in the labor of internal improvement. The best mode of giving government aid to railroads is, possibly, that pursued in British India. There a certain interest is guaranteed to the stockholder, and thus the railway funds are always a secure investment. They are a safe reliance for widows, minors, and small capitalists; and a provision might be added that the stock should never become an object of speculation. If at low fares it still paid a large dividend, a sinking fund might be created to pay off the stockholders, and still further reduce the cost of travel. In England, on the other hand, the government has reserved the right of becoming the owner of all railways; and the people are already desirous of taking them out of the control of men like Hudson or Peto. A cloud of fraud, misfortune, bankruptcy, and extortion has covered the English system of private ownership from the beginning.

We trust, therefore, that the meeting of the Congressional committee on this subject in New York, and also that of the producers and consumers, which is to be held at the same time (May 6), will tend to indicate both the wants of the people and the best means of satisfying them. It is certainly not creditable to our reputation for enterprise that the most productive portion of the country, and what must soon, too, become the most populous, is in a measure isolated from a market, and often prevented, not only by the high tolls but by the actual overcrowding of the railways, from supplying wheat, corn, beef, pork, and bacon to the Eastern States and Europe. It is stated that Chicago is frequently filled with provisions for which there are no means of transportation Eastward. It is certain that the great national highways, which alone give prosperity and ease to the people, should not be left in the hands of private speculators; that the cost of transportation should not be controlled by the avarice of a few owners of stock; that the railways and water communications of the country should be so increased in number and capacity as to give ample room for trade, and be constructed and managed upon such honest principles as to render them in a certain sense free to all.

EDUCATION IN BROOKLYN.

An educational meeting was recently held at Brooklyn, in the Academy of Music, and an immense audience assembled to listen to the plans of reform suggested by various practical educators. It is an example that might be well followed in every city, and the subject of education is one upon which the people have shown, perhaps, too little active interest. The condition of the public schools every where should excite the deepest attention, for there is no department of civic government that so affects the prosperity and good order of the community. In Brooklyn, it seems, the system of public instruction is inferior to that of many other cities. The schools, it is stated, are overcrowded, the educational funds wasted, there is no proper training for teachers, and the higher departments of education are strangely neglected. And the meeting passed a series of resolutions urging the removal of the present Board of Commissioners, the introduction of extensive reforms, and, above all, the adoption of the compulsory system. Having entered upon this subject with so much vigor, we trust the Brooklyn educators will never cease in their labors until they have roused the interest of the whole community, and have made their beautiful city doubly attractive by giving it the highest opportunities for mental culture. If they would cultivate honesty in politics, reduce their taxes, insure economy and good government, they must see that all their citizens are educated.

Several of the topics discussed at the Brooklyn meeting may well attract the attention of the New York Commissioners. It was insisted that the public schools should be raised to so high a degree of excellence as to draw in pupils from all classes of society; that the teachers should be carefully prepared for their duties; that the whole community should be subjected to a similar course of instruction, and be blended together in a certain mental equality. These are points upon which we have often enlarged. We believe they have already been made the leading principles of public instruction in New York. But there is still great opportunity for improvement. Our system of training teachers should be made so rigid as to exclude all but the highest talent from this most difficult of professions. It is to be feared that our method in this respect has been sometimes superficial; that some persons during the recent rule of incompetent and corrupt officials have obtained positions in our schools who should properly have been excluded. In future we trust that the care of children will be committed only to those who can best form their morals as well as their intellects. And we think that no person should be selected as a teacher who has not passed through a normal college with honors and success.

In the Prussian schools the children of the noble and the peasant sit upon the same benches, and are educated together. So carefully trained are the teachers, so excellent the system of instruction, that the primary schools satisfy the wants of all classes, and that unwillingness to send their children to the public schools which marks a portion of our citizens has no parallel in the most exclusive aristocracy of Europe. In education all ranks are blended together, and it is said are mutually serviceable to each other. That we must at last adopt a compulsory system of instruction no one will doubt who considers the rapid growth of ignorance and its offspring, crime, among us. It may also be assumed that some education in trades and modes of industry must finally be added to our system of public instruction. But, at least, we trust a deeper interest in this subject than ever before will be shown by the public, and that all classes, parties, and religious denominations will unite in laboring for the welfare and the careful training of the children.

NOTES.

Mr. James Grant, who essayed in a very bungling manner to do for the English press what Mr. Frederic Hudson has so admirably done for the American, and who was very roughly handled for his errors and misrepresentations, has sought revenge upon the sharpest of his critics by publishing a supplement to his "history," giving what purports to be an account of the "origin and progress" of the *Saturday Review*. This was very foolish of Mr. Grant. The *Review* is not the kind of adversary it is pleasant to wake up. Of Mr. Grant's pamphlet it says: "Although we can not pretend to be an authority as to the private affairs of other people, we happen to know something about our own, and we now say that we quite underrated Mr. Grant's supernatural capacity for blundering and misrepresentation. There is, indeed, hardly a single statement concerning ourselves which (when it is not a pure invention) is not wildly and, to those who know the facts, ludicrously and incredibly inaccurate."

The admirers of those genuine poems of country life, Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, which from time to time during the past two years have appeared in the columns of the *Weekly*, will be glad to learn of their publication in book form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The volume is an exquisite specimen of typography, illustrations, and binding, and in their new setting the *Farm Ballads* will doubtless achieve a wide-spread and lasting popularity. Such poems as "Betsey and I are Out," "Over the Hills to the Poor-House," "Gone with a Handsomer Man," and "Out of the Old House, Nancy," move universal sympathies, while they touch many a heart which a higher grade of poetry would fail to reach. Such poems have their mission among the people, and will hold as secure a place in poetic literature as the loftier rhymes which the great masters build.

The adoption of postal cards in England and France has given rise, in both countries, to a new and intolerable abuse. A person was recently convicted in London of "a gross, vile, and most atrocious libel" on his own niece, by sending her a postal card containing an accusation of immoral conduct, whereby the young woman lost a position in which she was employed. The uncle was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars; and the judge who passed the sentence regretted that the law did not permit him to order the scoundrel to be flogged. We trust that the adoption of postal cards in this country will lead to no such misuse of the public mails; but if isolated cases of wanton libeling should arise under the system, they should be promptly punished with all the severity known to the law.

A London journal, *Once a Week*, refers in a very feeling manner to the return home of certain "third-rate Englishmen—novelists, actors, elocutionists"—who came over to this country in the hope of alluring dollars from the pockets of thrifty Yankees into their own. Greatly to their disappointment, these roving Englishmen discovered that while Americans are willing to pay well for first-class talent, either native or foreign, they suffer second and third-rate artists to subside quietly into merited obscurity. The unfortunate persons to whom *Once a Week* refers have, says that journal, "found out too late the truth of this, and very much wish they had stopped at home. They are on their way back to us, sadder but wiser men." It is very much to be wished that others who contemplate making the grand lecturing tour may take this warning to heart. Such men as Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade will receive an enthusiastic welcome from American audiences should they ever visit this country, but we have too many bores of our own to tolerate those of foreign importation.

PERSONAL.

Cornell University is fortunate in its friends. Mr. Henry W. Sage, of Brooklyn, recently gave $30,000 toward an endowment fund of $60,000 for a non-sectarian lectureship on morals and religion. The new College of Mechanical Engineering, in addition to every facility for acquiring theoretical knowledge, has been provided with a machine-shop, so that its students are ready for practical service at the time of graduation. Mr. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, put up the building and furnished the machinery at his own cost. Mr. Sibley also contributed $20,000 toward extinguishing a debt of $150,000 incurred by the university in material improvements. Messrs. M'Graw, Sage, and White each contributed a like sum, and Mr. Ezra Cornell $75,000.

—The edifice in which Andrew Johnson was born was pulled down a few days since. It was an old thing, and the people flocked to it to obtain relics. Some took a nail, some a piece of timber, while the emotions of others could be stifled with nothing less than a whole shingle.

—Albert Fearing, of Boston, fearing it might be wrong not to do it, has given $30,000 to the Liberia College at Monrovia, Africa.

—The reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has just been married to Miss Ellen Franz, a former actress of the ducal theatre. She will hereafter be known as Baroness von Helburg. The Duke's first wife was the Princess Charlotte of Prussia.

—The last rumor from abroad in reference to Mr. James Gordon Bennett appears in the London *Telegraph*, and is to the effect that he has purchased all existing rights of excavation in the plain of Troy.

—Lord Lytton, in *Kenelm Chillingly*, has some pithy suggestions as to the responsibility of parents for the names they give their children. For instance, of "Peter," he says no great Englishman has been called Peter. Sir Peter Lely had fame as a painter in London, but he was from Westphalia, celebrated for hams. Lord L. says nothing about "Pete." As for "James," he asks, "Who could have idealized the nickname Jim? That is, if not so flunkyish as James, much more irredeemably descriptive of a soul at the beck and call of society. It is to 'James,' even under its worst aspects, exactly what the foot-boy is to the flunky, and implies that respect or awe to the owner of such a name is simply impossible. Any one who had a taste for slipping good-naturedly through the world, and for being familiarly treated by every body he met, might not object to be called Jim. It is an honest sort of name, and a passport, as it were, to kindly treatment. But it puts dignity and power beyond the reach of the most sanguine hope. A man generally known among his acquaintances as 'Jim' might be very popular, and have great influence of the coaxing kind, but it is impossible he could take up any position requiring observance and reverence."

—Professor H. H. Boysen has been chosen Professor of Languages of Northern Europe in Cornell University. He is a Swede by birth, and at present connected with a college in Ohio. His late contributions to the *North American Review* have attracted the observation and approval of literary men.

—Colonel E. B. Morgan, of Aurora, Cayuga County, New York, one of the largest proprietors of the New York *Daily Times*, proposes to give the Auburn Theological Seminary grounds, buildings, and money to the amount of $500,000, provided that the institution shall be removed to Aurora. Henry Wells, of express company fame, has already built and endowed at that place a splendid seminary for the education of young ladies.

—George W. Johnson is the Whittington of Cincinnati. Of poor and humble parentage, his early manhood was given to house-painting and glazing. Afterward he became clerk to a wood-seller, then went into the business himself; fame and fortune followed, and now, behold him a mayor!

—A gentleman who recently had the pleasure of meeting Tennyson, at his own home, in company with a few bright people, and hearing him read, describes his manner and style of talking as quiet and gentlemanly, with a slight dash of what looks like indolence, and, especially at first, a stiffness and reserve that repel strangers. His eyes have a dreamy expression, and his face, when seen closely, is full of lines that suggest by-gone sorrow and care. His elocution was somewhat labored, and he seemed not to try to throw any variety into the reading by marked change of accent. It was, in short, a little monotonous, and perhaps overrefined. But he threw a good deal of subdued expression into his tones, and his voice was low and "musical as Apollo's lute." During the conversation the name of Emerson was introduced, at which he exclaimed, "Emerson! my favorite author. I can hardly tell you how much I owe that most brilliant of writers!" Hawthorne and Longfellow were also the subjects of his admiration.

—Mr. Mansfield, the "Veteran Observer," doubts whether tact in any considerable degree can be acquired. It is born with some persons, and is as natural to them as the color of their eyes or hair.

—The oldest "public functionary" of Europe is the Pope, now nearly eighty-one. Kaiser William is over seventy-six, hale and hearty. Von Moltke is about the same age. Thiers is just seventy-six. He comes of a longevitous family, his father having died at eighty-four. As he distinguished himself at school at eleven, he may be said to have led a life of distinction for sixty-five years.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes declines the tempting pecuniary offers to lecture next season. He begins to count the years, and thinks that his constitution, by-laws, and rules of order admonish him not to breast the storms of another lyceum campaign.

—The Queen of Greece is *en route* to St. Petersburg, accompanied by her children, for the purpose of spending the summer with her imperial parents.

—Sir John Herschel was of the opinion that, with the telescope he used in those astronomical researches which immortalized him, he could see objects four hundred and ninety-seven times further away than Sirius, which is so far distant that the sun is near at hand by comparison.

—The Modoc is a bad specimen. What Phil Sheridan said of the noble red man is coming to be generally thought about as right, viz., that "the only *good* Indian is a *dead* Indian." General Sherman, on being interrogated recently as to whether he did not believe the killing of General Canby an unparalleled instance of treachery, replied, in his quick, nervous way: "No, Sir; treachery is inherent in the Indian character. I know of a case where the Indians murdered the man who not over two hours before had given them food and clothing." He also cited several instances of Indian treachery and barbarity of which he became cognizant when in the West.

—Mr. Joseph Medill, editor, and Mayor of Chicago, was asked a few days since by a newspaper reporter if he would run again for the mayoralty. His honor replied, "There isn't political, or social, or pecuniary inducements enough in Chicago to hire me—not if the unanimous vote of every soul in the city were added. I have had enough."

—In reference to Commodore Vanderbilt's gift of $500,000 for a university at Nashville, it was stated at a meeting of the trustees, held a few days since, that the edifice is to be of sufficient dimensions to accommodate comfortably one thousand pupils.

—Lord Lytton's posthumous novel, *Kenelm Chillingly*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is a collection of epigrams rather than a story of incident or character. It describes the career of a clever, impulsive young man, full of theories, who is gradually cured of all his nonsense. Among the quaint sentences is one of the editor of a powerful journal, who "as a man of letters despised the world; as a man of the world despised letters; as the representative of both, he revered himself." Welby, the teacher of new ideas, is a realist, who regards Christianity "as a type of existent civilization which ought to be reverenced as one might reverence the other types of that civilization—such as the liberty of the press, the representative system, white neckcloths and black coats of an evening," etc. The work is filled with sayings equally as pithy and epigrammatic.

—Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts, seems to be growing in favor since he was first elected to the office. His official course has been generally commended, and his stand against the reckless use of the pardoning power has increased his reputation. A religious paper, speaking of him, says: "Governor Washburn does not dazzle the community by sensational messages and startling interferences, but he is a safe, sound, and sensible executive officer, concerning whom there are indications that he may be invited to serve for a third term." The Haverhill *Gazette* well says of him: "He seems to be Governor of the people, aiming to promote their best interests without unnecessary display or ostentation. He is, in fact, just such a Governor as Massachusetts delights to honor. Indeed, the people are not fond of change, but when they find a man faithful and true, they continue to give him their confidence and support."

—Banking and longevity seem to go along together. Theodore S. Dodd, of Bangor, Maine, has been cashier of the Kenduskeag Bank for nearly half a century. Next to him comes Edward Gould, of the Portland Traders' Bank, who has been in service forty years.

—Mr. Henry Watterson, the quite vigorous editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, speaks of it as a notable fact that a peaceably disposed citizen of Texas was arrested recently for carrying concealed weapons. When searched he had two six-shooters, one Derringer, and a pair of brass knuckles in his belt, and a poker flush in his coat sleeve. And H. W., of the L. *C.-J.*, upon that state of facts concludes that that man was simply prepared to make his way comfortably through the world; and to curb his young career upon so flimsy a charge was as cruel as it was unjust.

—Mrs. Florence Knox has been engaged to sing in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, at a salary of $2500 a year. She is from Michigan. That is the church in which the preaching and psalmody are upon a particularly large scale, and where they

> "Prove their doctrines orthodox
> By apostolic blows and—Knox."

—Of Senator Jones, recently elected from Nevada, it is said that his success is attributable mainly to his vigorous opposition to the abuses of leagued capital and the grasping power of railroad corporations. This, together with the "shadow, mightier than a great hand," arising among the farmers of the West against railway exactions, is among the noteworthy signs of the times.

—Colonel Mosby, whose military experiences, published by the Harpers, is right pleasant warrior talk, happened recently to enter the rooms of the Southern Claims Commission, at Washington, while Mr. Gardiner, of Loudon County, Virginia, was under examination with reference to a claim for certain property he had lost by Mosby's raids. Colonel Mosby took the stand, and stated that he remembered Gardiner as a stanch Union man, whom he had never chanced to see before, but had often tried to catch. The man's loyalty was established.

—And now they are endeavoring to ferret out Mr. Gladstone's forbears. While great doubt exists as to the proof of Sir R. Peel's descent from Edward III. being demonstrable, none exists as to that of Mr. Gladstone. His descent is traceable through the maternal side, the ancestor of his grandmother (who was a Mackenzie, of Torridon), Colin Mackenzie, of Kintail, having married the granddaughter of the Countess of Westmoreland, who was daughter of John of Gaunt, and whose tomb, in a somewhat mutilated condition, still stands in the choir of Lincoln Cathedral. It was a cherished desire of the late Chancellor Massingberd, who was himself (as was also one of his brother canons) a lineal descendant of John of Gaunt, to restore the Gaunt monuments, with their more modern and debased canopy, to their pristine beauty. It is well that we in America should not lose sight of this class of information.

—England proposes to honor the memory of Stonewall Jackson, to which end certain leading members of Parliament have contributed to a monument, which has just been finished, and is to be sent over here and placed over his remains.

—Longfellow and Bryant were recently admitted to honorary membership in the Academy at St. Petersburg. The occasion was one of much pomp and ceremony, nearly all of the eighty regular members of the Academy being present, and the royal family being represented by a Prince of the house of Romanoff, the Grand Duke Constantine.

—The Mobile *Register*, referring to a lecture to be delivered in that city by General Pendleton, says, "Perhaps the most curious point of all will be General Pendleton's clear and concise narrative of the great fight wherein the liberties of the South were lost—and lost by James Longstreet. The story of Longstreet's delay at Gettysburg has often been told; the effects of that delay have often been commented on, but only by General Pendleton have the motives which induced that delay been plainly and directly charged to the recusant."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

There is no news of great importance from the Indian war seat. The Modocs are believed to be still in the lava beds, but have changed their location to one of more water and grass. The peace conference at Camp Verde, Arizona, has resulted in the unconditional surrender of two of the worst bands of the Apaches. A government supply train has been captured and four of the attendants murdered by the Indians on Cole Creek, Texas.

Governor Kellogg telegraphs the Attorney-General that matters are quiet in Louisiana, with the exception of four or five parishes.

Three packages of United States bonds, amounting to $220,950, identical with those advertised by the Bank of England, have been found in a trunk in this city, together with cards and a card-plate bearing the name of Bidwell, one of the alleged forgers.

The steamer *Kangaroo* has arrived at this port with the first eighteen miles of the American shore end of the New York and London cable.

United States Collector Bailey, at Albany, has sold eight more locomotives belonging to the New York Central Railway, for $22,750.

Snow fell to the depth of four inches in Indianapolis on the 22d ult.

It is proposed to consolidate the Boston and Lowell, Fitchburg, Vermont, and Massachusetts, Troy and Greenfield, and Troy and Boston railroads, including the Hoosac Tunnel, for the purpose of increasing the Western freight business with Boston.

Thirty buildings in the central business portion of Fort Scott City were destroyed by fire on the 24th ult.

The official figures of the recent State election in Connecticut give the Democratic Governor, Ingersoll, a majority of 3237.

The "Suspect" bill, for the summary punishment of professional criminals, has passed the New York State Senate.

A large number of sailors' boarding-house keepers were arrested on the 25th ult. for resisting the new Shipping law, and thus embarrassing commerce.

The failure of the Atlantic National Bank of this city has just been announced. Its ruin is said to be due to the unfaithfulness of its cashier, who confesses that he has robbed the institution of nearly $500,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Bismarck made another strong speech in the Prussian Diet on the 24th ult., this time in support of the bill regulating the appointment and training of the clergy, which was subsequently passed in the Lower House.

The monarchists of France are said to be actively engaged in efforts for the overthrow of the republic, and there are grave apprehensions of serious troubles to come.

The Pope is said to have had another relapse, and is again confined to his bed.

The Dutch have suspended operations in Sumatra until the fall, but they still maintain the blockade of Atcheen.

A serious riot occurred in Frankfort, Germany, on the 21st ult., against the brewers and sellers of beer. The troops were called out, and twelve persons were killed and many wounded, while the police were stoned and sixteen breweries destroyed.

The British Parliament reassembled on the 21st ult. The annual budget was debated in the House of Commons on the 24th ult., and adopted, except in the matter of reducing sugar duties one-half, which was recommitted.

General Pieltain, the new Captain-General of Cuba, has reached Havana, where he issued a proclamation to the soldiers, the people, and the Volunteers. A decree has been published in the island returning to loyal wives the embargoed property of their disloyal husbands.

The French Atlantic cable has parted about two hundred and thirty miles from Brest.

Four insurgent Arabian chiefs have been executed at Constantine.

Frederick Doca, the American consul at Manzanilla, was drowned on the 15th ult.

A severe drought is causing much suffering among the people of Santiago de Cuba.

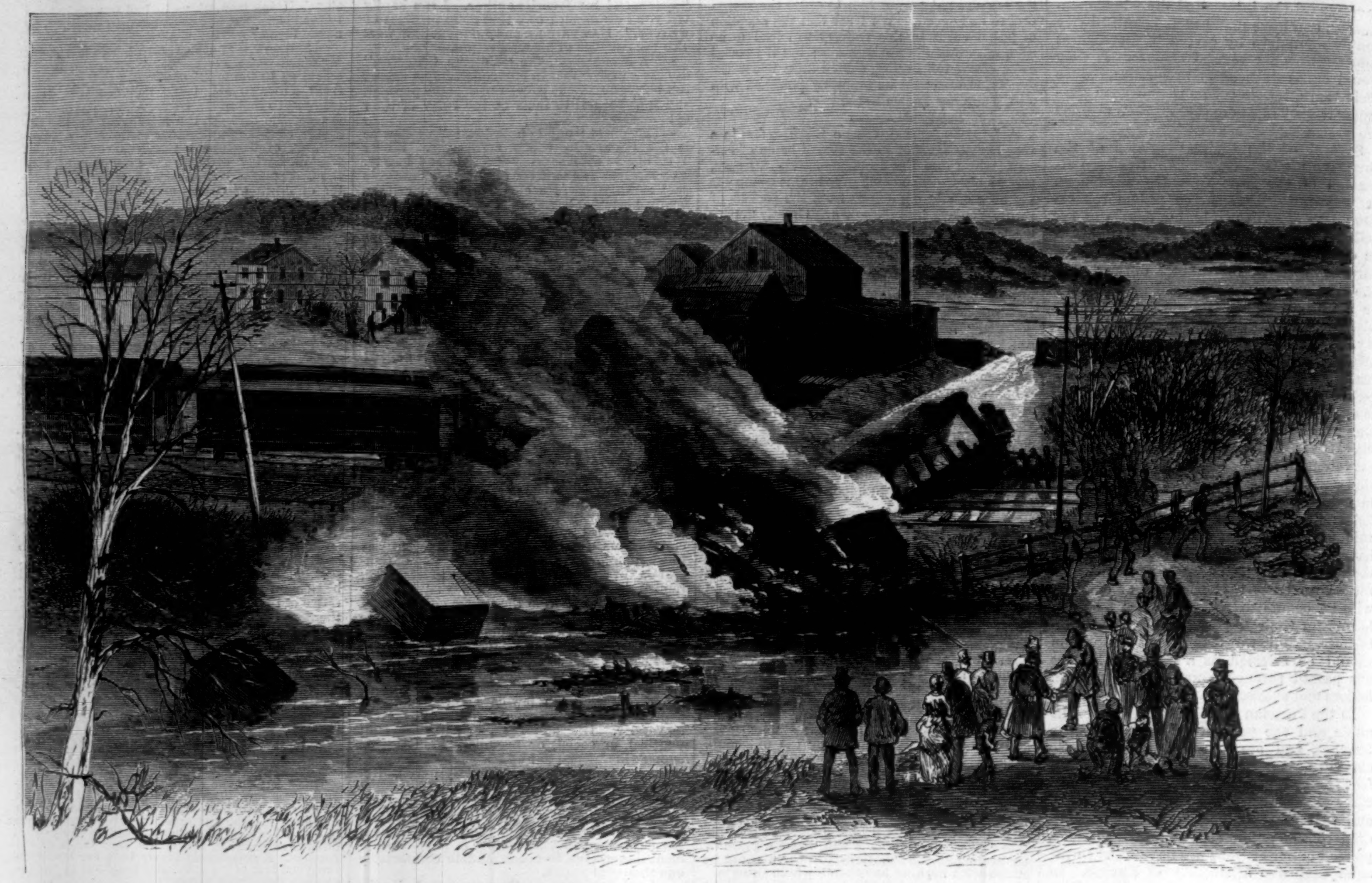
In Spain General Velarde has resigned as Captain-General of Catalonia, and General Pavia as Captain-General of Madrid. Señor Castelar and his colleagues have ordered the enlistment of men twenty years of age throughout the republic. President Figueras, owing to the death of his wife, temporarily resigned his position, and trouble arose because of the selection of Pi y Margall to act in his stead.

Atlantic cable charges have been advanced to $1 50 per word in gold.

A fire-damp explosion occurred in the parish of Rhuabon, North Wales, on the 24th ult., by which several miners were killed.

The safety of Sir Samuel Baker and wife has been assured by recent advices.

Twenty thousand coal miners in Leicester, England, are on a strike.



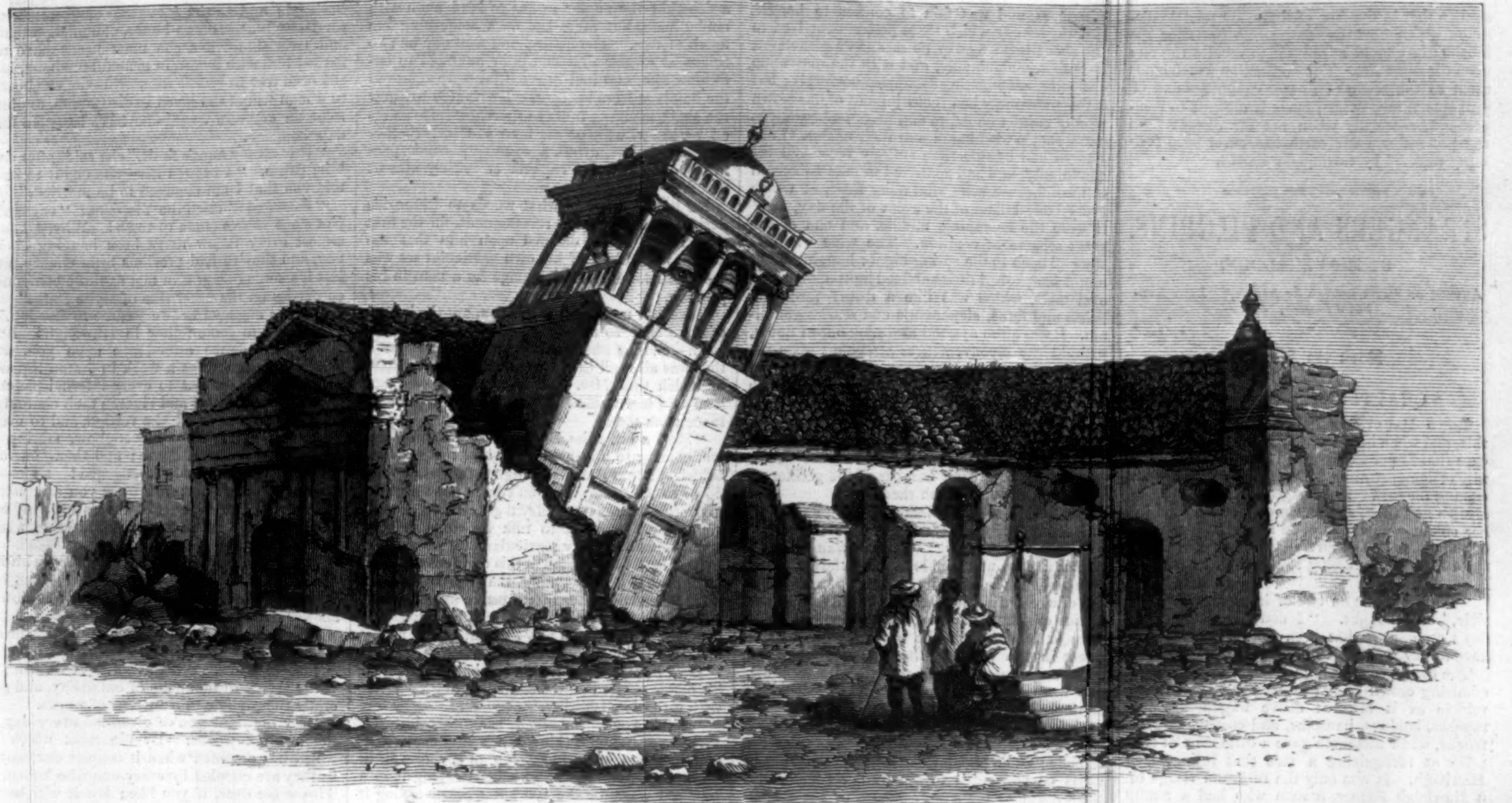
SCENE OF THE RAILROAD DISASTER AT MEADOW BROOK, RHODE ISLAND.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

THE MEADOW BROOK DISASTER.

We give on this page a view of the scene of the recent railway disaster at Meadow Brook, near Richmond Station, Rhode Island, at which a large number of passengers lost their lives, and the engineer and fireman were killed standing at their posts of duty. The inquest shows that the bridge where the disaster occurred was so short and supposed to be so strong as to require no watching. It was thought to be capable of resisting any freshet. Had the bridge been examined by a competent person—a precaution that should certainly have been taken at a time when unusual damage might properly be apprehended—this sad disaster would have been averted.

The engineer and fireman, both brave and experienced men, were killed at their post. The house of the former stood close to the railroad

DEATH ON THE RAIL.—[Drawn by Jules Tavernier.]



SAN SALVADOR—RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.—[From a Sketch by Captain W. R. Kennedy.]

crossing at Elmwood, a suburb of Providence. Whenever he passed it, whether in daylight or darkness, he used to sound a short, peculiar signal on the locomotive whistle as a greeting to his wife, and a notification that he was there and "all right." Year in and year out this signal never failed. The regular passengers came to know it, and on hearing it would say, "There's Guild's signal to his wife." On the morning after the fatal accident she missed it for the first time, and will never hear it again.

RUINS OF SAN SALVADOR.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Captain W. R. Kennedy, commander of the English war steamer *Reindeer*, for the interesting sketches of the ruined city of San Salvador upon this page. The *Reindeer* was lying at anchor in the port of La Union on the 20th of March, when word arrived by telegraph that the city of San Salvador had been completely destroyed by an earthquake the previous night. Captain Kennedy at once proceeded to La Libertad, the port of San Salvador, and distant about thirty miles from that city, arriving there on the morning of the 21st, and at once proceeded to the ruined capital, accompanied by the surgeon of the ship.

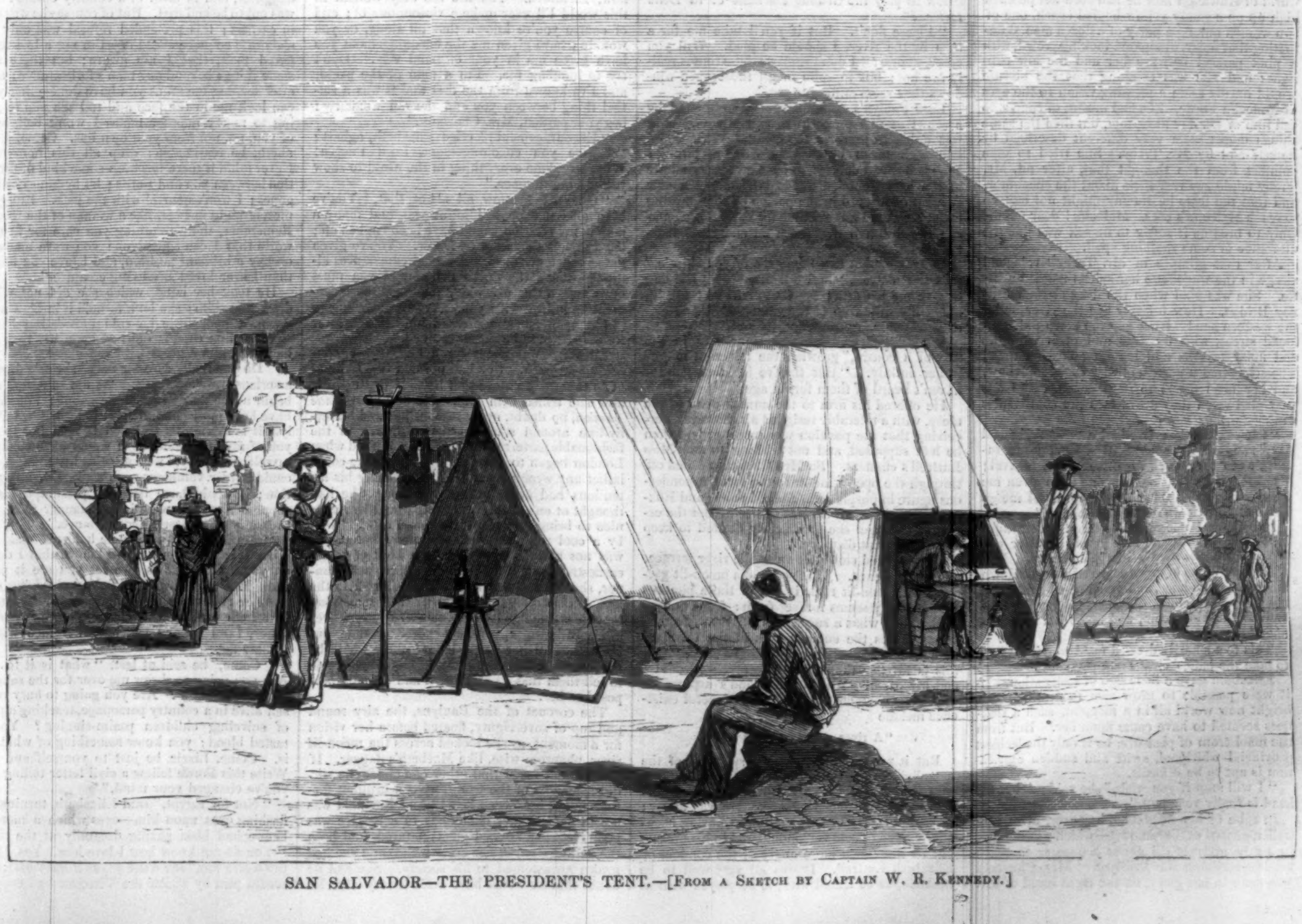
Immediately on their arrival Captain Kennedy waited on the President of the republic to offer his services and those of the surgeon, and to place the *Reindeer* at his disposal. He found the President and most of the inhabitants encamped on the plaza, the town being so completely shaken to pieces that not a single dwelling-house remained in a habitable condition. The cathedral and every church were in ruins, the spire of the former, as shown in our sketch, leaning at an angle of about thirty degrees. The palace, being constructed mainly of wood, had withstood the shocks better than any other public building, and the walls, except where they had been filled in with stone, were still perfect.

The United States minister, Mr. Biddle, had a very narrow escape, the building in which he lived having been shaken to the ground with a suddenness that left him barely time to seek safety in flight to the plaza. Captain Kennedy placed the *Reindeer* at the disposal of Mr. Biddle, and invited that gentleman to make free use of the ship as his head-quarters during its stay in port; but Mr. Biddle preferred remaining on land in order to assist the sufferers by the great calamity.

Captain Kennedy speaks in warm terms of the hospitality of an American gentleman, Mr. Taylor, temporarily residing at San Salvador, who literally kept "open house"—the roof being off and the walls partially shaken down—for the entertainment of those who were in need.

The loss of life in this disaster was almost insignificant, the latest accounts placing the number of the dead at fifty, instead of eight hundred, as at first reported. This was owing to the fact that the final shock which destroyed the town was preceded by a number of minor shocks of sufficient force to alarm the inhabitants, most of whom sought safety in flight.

Notwithstanding the terrible warnings of the past, it is intended to rebuild San Salvador on the same spot. Before the *Reindeer* left, the people were already at work clearing away the ground and preparing to erect wooden houses. These structures are the only kind capable of resisting earthquake shocks. The strongest stone walls crumble and fall when their foundations begin to tremble. It is supposed that the ground on which San Salvador is built is but a comparatively thin crust, covering a vast cavern, and some geologists have ventured the prediction that some day the entire region will be swallowed up by this enormous subterranean cavity. The tread of a horse on the plain outside the city, it is said, produces an ominous hollow sound, and the Indians of that region have such an instinctive dread of the place that they will not build even a hut there. It seems



SAN SALVADOR—THE PRESIDENT'S TENT.—[From a Sketch by Captain W. R. Kennedy.]

strange that in the face of the many terrible disasters which have overtaken San Salvador the inhabitants should be willing to rebuild the city upon the same site. The fascination which binds them to the scene of former calamities and of probable future catastrophes is difficult to comprehend, especially when not far distant from the present site the earth has never been seriously affected by earthquake shocks.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Lord Paulyn improved considerably after this, and when he went back to the box-seat took care that Major Bolding had no farther opportunity of demonstrating his familiarity with the arcana of the turf. He engaged the whole of Elizabeth's attention, and was not to be rebuffed by her coldness, and took upon himself the manner of an acknowledged lover—a manner which was not a little embarrassing to the plighted wife of Malcolm Forde.

"I must make an end of it as soon as possible," she thought. "I don't know that today's amusement has been worth the penalty I have to pay for it."

The drag was crossing Clapham Common, an admiring crowd gazing upward at the patrician vehicle as it towered above wagonettes, barouches, landaus, hansoms, and coster-mongers' trucks, when Elizabeth gave a little start of surprise at recognizing a face that belonged to Hawleigh. It was only the rubicund visage of a Hawleigh farmer, a man who had a family pew at St. Clement's, and who dutifully attended the two services every Sunday, with an apple-cheeked wife and a brood of children. He was one of a very hilarious party in a wagonette, a party of stout middle-aged persons of the publican order, who were smoking vehemently, and had wooden dolls stuck in their hat-bands. She saw him look up and recognize her with ineffable surprise, and immediately communicate the fact of her presence to his companions, whereat there was a general upward gaze of admiring eyes, more or less hazy with dubious Champagne.

"What's the matter?" asked Lord Paulyn, perceiving that slight movement of surprise.

"Nothing. I saw a person I know in a wagonette; only Mr. Treby, a farmer who goes to papa's church; but I was surprised at seeing him here."

"Not very astonishing: the Derby is a grand festival for provincials; and we are such an unenlightened set in the West we have no great races. For a Yorkshireman, now, there is nothing to see in the South. His own race-courses are as fine as any thing we can show him here."

Elizabeth was silent. She was thinking how Mr. Treby would go back and tell the little world of Hawleigh how he had seen her perched high up on a gaudy yellow-bodied coach, one of two women among a party of a dozen men, dominating that noisy, dissipated-looking crowd, with a pink parasol between her and the low sunlight; and she was thinking that the picture would hardly seem a pleasing vision to the eyes of Malcolm Forde. She had meant, of course, to tell him of her day at Epsom, but then the same things might seem very different described by herself and by Mr. Treby. She tried to take comfort from the thought that, after all, Mr. Treby might say very little about the encounter, and that the little he did say might not happen to reach Malcolm's ears. Malcolm! dear name! Only to breathe it softly to herself was like the utterance of some soothing spell.

After that glimpse of Mr. Treby's rubicund visage in the wagonette her spirits flagged a little. She was glad when the drag crossed Putney Bridge. How brightly ran the river under the western sun! How gay the steep old-fashioned street, with its flags and open windows and noisy taverns and lounging boating men! The scene had a garish, tawdry look, somehow, and her head ached to desperation. She was very glad when they drove into the cool shades of the Rancho.

"Oh yes, thanks; I've had a most delightful day," she said, in reply to Mrs. Cinqmars's inquiry as to her enjoyment of the great festival; "but the noise and the sunshine have given me a headache, and I think if you would let me go home at once, it would be best for me."

"Go home! nonsense, my dear! Your aunt is to dine with us, and take you back after our little dance. It's only half past seven. You shall have a cup of green tea, and then lie down and rest for an hour, and you'll be as fresh as a rose by nine o'clock. Turner, take Miss Luttrell to the blue room, and make her comfortable."

This to a smartly dressed maid who had come to take the ladies' cloaks and parasols.

Elizabeth gave a little sigh of resignation. If it were possible to grow sick to death of this bright new world all in a moment, such a sickness seemed to have come upon her. But from the maelstrom of pleasure, be it only the feeblest provincial whirlpool, swift and sudden extrication is apt to be difficult.

"I will stop if you wish," she said; "but my head is really very bad."

In spite of her headache, however, Miss Luttrell appeared at the banquet—which was delayed by tardy arrivals till about a quarter to ten—brightest among the brilliant. Mrs. Chevenix was there in her glory, on the right hand of Mr. Cinqmars, and was fain to confess to herself that the society which these people contrived to get about them was by no means despicable—a little fast, undoubtedly, and with the masculine element predominating somewhat obviously; but it was pleasant, when venturing out of one's own strictly correct circle, to find one's self among so many people with handles to their names. Lord Paulyn had by this time entirely recovered his equanimity, and had contrived to take Elizabeth in to dinner—a somewhat noisy feast, at which every body talked of the event of the day, as if it were the beginning, middle, and end of the great scheme of creation. The wide windows were all open to the spring night; hanging moderator lamps shed their subdued light upon a vast oval table, which was like a dwarf forest of palms and ferns, stephanotis and scarlet geranium. It was quite as good as dining out-of-doors, without the inconveniences attendant upon the actual thing.

A little after eleven o'clock there came a crash of opening chords from a piano, cornet, and violin artfully hidden in a small room off the drawing-room, and then the low entrancing melody of a waltz by Strauss. The ladies rose at the sound, and the greater number of the gentlemen left the dining-room with them.

"We can leave those fellows drinking Curaçoa and squabbling about the odds for the Oaks," said Major Bolding. "We don't want them."

This was an undeniable fact, for the danseuses were much in the minority. There were a sprinkling of wives of authors and actors; a few dearest friends of Mrs. Cinqmars, who seemed to stand more or less alone in the world, and to be free lances in the way of flirtation; a young lady with long raven ringlets and a sentimental air, who was said to be something very great in the musical line, but was rarely allowed to exhibit her talents; a stout literary widow, who founded all her fashionable novels on the society at the Rancho; and a popular actress, who could sometimes be persuaded to gratify her friends with the *Charge of the Six Hundred*, or the famous scene between Mr. Pickwick and the Bath magistrate.

Elizabeth found herself assailed by a herd of eager supplicants, who entreated for round dances. No one ever suggested quadrilles at the Rancho, nor were these unceremonious assemblies fettered by the iron bondage of a programme.

"Remember," said Lord Paulyn, "you've promised me three waltzes."

"If I dance at all; but I don't think I shall."

"Neither shall I, then," answered the Viscount, coolly. "*A d'autres*, gentlemen, Miss Luttrell doesn't dance to-night."

"I'd rather take a refusal from the lady's own lips, if it's all the same to you, Paulyn," said Major Bolding.

"The dust and heat have given me an excruciating headache, and I really do not feel equal to waltzing," answered Elizabeth.

"Shall I get them to play a quadrille?"

"No, thanks. I'm hardly equal to that, either; and I know Mrs. Cinqmars hates square dances."

"Never mind Mrs. Cinqmars. Half a loaf is better than no bread. If you'll dance the first set, the Lancers—any thing— Shall I tell the fellow to play the *Grande Duchesse* or *la Belle Hélène?*"

"Please don't. But if you'll take me for a turn by the river, I should be glad. Will you come, auntie? I don't suppose these rooms really are hot; but in spite of all those open windows they seem stifling to me."

Lord Paulyn's countenance was obscured by a scowl at this proposition, and Mrs. Chevenix was quick to perceive the cloud. What could Elizabeth mean by such incorrigible fatuity? Was it not bad enough to have a country curate in the background, without introducing a new element of discord in the person of this dashing major? There was no time for careful diplomacy; the situation demanded an audacious master-stroke.

"Lord Paulyn can take care of you, Lizzie," said the matron, "and I'll ask Major Bolding to give me his arm; for I want to talk to him about my dear friends the Clutterbucks. Relatives of yours, are they not, major?"

"Yes; Tom Clutterbuck's something in the way of a cousin," growled the reluctant major, rather sulkily. "But they're in Rome, and I haven't heard of them for an age."

He offered his arm to the aunt instead of the niece, with a tolerably resigned air, however, perceiving that the position was more critical than he had supposed, and not wishing to mar Miss Luttrell's chances. So Mrs. Chevenix sailed off through the open window to the lawn, a ponderous figure in purple satin and old point, and Elizabeth found herself constrained to accept the escort of the man she so ardently desired to keep at a convenient distance.

They walked slowly down to the river terrace, almost in silence. That scene of a moon-lit garden by a moon-lit river is one of those pictures whose beauty seems forever fresh: from Putney to Reading, what a succession of river-side paradises greets the envious eyes of the traveler! And at sight of every new domain he cries, "Oh, this is lovelier than all the rest! here would I end my days." And all mankind's aspirations after a comfortable income and a peaceful existence include

> "A river at my garden's end."

But it was not the tranquil splendor of the moonlight or the eternal beauty of the river that moved the soul of Reginald Paulyn, and held him in unaccustomed silence. He was angry; some dull sparks of his vexation at having backed the wrong horse yet smouldered in his breast; but he was much more angry at the conduct of Elizabeth Luttrell. It was all very well to be snubbed, to be trifled with, to be played with as a fish that the angler means to land anon with tender care, but there had been something too much of this. The damsel had said one or two things at dinner that had been intended to enlighten him, and had in some measure removed the bandage from his eyes. He wanted to know the exact meaning of these speeches. He wanted to know, without an hour's delay, whether she, Elizabeth Luttrell, a country parson's penniless daughter, was capable of setting him at naught.

He hardly knew in what words to frame his desire; and perhaps at this moment, for the first time in his life, it dawned upon him that the chosen vocabulary of his own particular set was a somewhat restricted language for a man in his position.

Elizabeth made some remark about the beauty of the scene—so much better than any drawing-room—and he answered her mechanically, and that was all until they came to the river terrace, by which time Mrs. Chevenix and her companion, who had walked briskly, were at some distance from them.

"Stop a bit, Miss Luttrell," said Lord Paulyn, coming to a sudden stand-still by the stone balustrade that guarded a flight of steps leading down to the water. "Don't be in such a hurry to overtake those two; they'll get on well enough without us. I want to talk to you—about—about something very particular."

Elizabeth's heart sank at this ominous prelude. She felt that it was coming, that crisis which of late she had done her uttermost to avert.

"I can't imagine what you can have to say to me," she said, with an airy little laugh and a very fair assumption of carelessness.

Lord Paulyn leaned upon the balustrade, with his elbow planted on the stone, looking up at her with a resolute scrutiny.

"Can't you?" he asked, somewhat bitterly. "And yet I should think it was easy enough for you to guess what I'm going to say to you in plain words to-night. I've been saying it in a hundred ways for the last six weeks—saying it plain enough for any one to understand, I should have thought—any one in their senses, at least, and there doesn't seem room for much doubt about yours. I love you, Elizabeth—that's what I have to say—and I mean you to be my wife."

"You *mean* me," cried Elizabeth, with inexpressible scorn, and a laugh that stung her lover as sharply as a blow—"you *mean* me to be your wife! Upon my honor, Lord Paulyn, you have quite an Oriental idea of a woman's position. You are to fling your handkerchief to your favorite slave, and she is to pick it up and bring it to you with a courtesy."

"You never look so handsome as when you are angry," said the Viscount, undismayed and smiling at her wrath. "But don't be angry with me; I didn't intend to offend you. I should have said the same if you'd been a princess of the blood royal. I only tell you what I swore to myself last November, the day I first saw your face in Hawleigh church: That's the woman I'll have for my wife. I never yet set my heart upon any thing that I didn't win it. I knew how cleverly you've played me for the last five weeks, keeping me on by keeping me off, eh? But we may as well drop all that sort of thing now, Elizabeth. You are the only woman in this world I'll ever make a viscountess of; and of course you've known that all along, or you wouldn't have given me the encouragement you have given me in your off-hand way. Don't try to humbug me. I'm a man of the world, and I've known from the first that it was a settled thing between you and the old woman—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Chevenix."

"Encouragement!" cried Elizabeth, aghast; "I give you encouragement, Lord Paulyn! Why, I've done every thing in the world to show you my indifference."

"Oh yes; I know all about that. You've been uncivil enough, I grant you, and many a man in my position would have been choked off; but I'm not that kind of fellow. You've given me as much of your society as circumstances allowed—that's the grand point—and you must have known that every day made me more desperately in love with you. You're not going to round upon me and pretend indifference after that. It would be rather too bad."

Elizabeth was silent for a brief space, conscience-stricken. She had deemed this lordling of so shallow a nature that it could matter little how she trifled with him. He had his *grande passion*, no doubt, every season, hovered butterfly-like around some particular flower in the fashionable parterre, and flew off unscathed when London began to grow empty. That she could inflict any wrong upon him by suffering his attentions had never occurred to her. She had thought at one time even that it would be rather nice to bring him to her feet, and astound him by a cool refusal. And even now, though she was not a little perplexed by a kind of rough earnestness and intensity in his speech and manner, she did feel a faint thrill of triumph in the idea of his subjugation. It would be something to tell Gertrude and Diana, those representatives of her little world, who had sneered at the humble end of all her grand ideas: there would be not a little satisfaction to her pride in being able to tell them that Lord Paulyn had actually proposed to her.

The coronet of the Paulyns, the airy round and top of sovereignty, floated before her vision for a moment, as she looked across the moon-lit river, phantom-wise, like Macbeth's dagger. If she had not loved that other one above the sordid splendors of the world, what a brilliant fortune might have been hers! And Reginald was not in any manner obnoxious to her. He was good-looking, seemed good-natured, had been the veriest slave of her every whim, and she had grown accustomed to his society. She had no doubt that he would have made a very tolerable husband; and as the inexhaustible fountain of carriages, horses, opera-boxes, diamonds, yachts, and river-side villas, she must needs have regarded him with a certain grateful fondness, had she been free to accept him. But she was bound to a man whom she loved to distraction, and not to be an empress would she have loosened that dear bondage.

"It is all my aunt's fault," she said, after that brief pause. "I begged her—she ought to have told you that I am engaged to be married."

"Engaged!" cried the Viscount; "engaged! Not since you've come to town! Why, I know almost every fellow that's been hanging about you, and they've had precious little chance, unless it's some one you've met at those confounded parties on the other side of Hyde Park."

"I was engaged before I came to London."

"What, to some fellow in Hawleigh! And you let me dance attendance upon you, and spend three mornings a week in Eaton Square, and follow you about to every infernal picture-gallery till the greens and blues in their confounded landscapes gave me the vertigo, and to every twopenny-half-penny flower-show, staring at azaleas and rhododendrons; and then you turn round and tell me you're engaged! By ——, Miss Luttrell, if you mean what you say, you're the most brazen-faced flirt it was ever my bad luck to meet with in half a dozen London seasons!"

Elizabeth drew herself up, trembling with anger. What, did he dare insult her? And had she really been guilty? Conscience was slow to answer that question.

"How dare you talk to me like that?" she exclaimed. "I—I will never speak to you again as long as I live, Lord Paulyn." A woman's favorite threat in moments of extremity, and generally the prelude to a torrent of words.

"By the right you've given me every day for the last six weeks. By the right which the world has assumed when it couples our names, as they are coupled by every one who knows us. Throw me over, if you like; but it will be the worse for you if you do, for every one will say it was I who jilted you. A woman can't carry on as you've carried on, and then turn round and say, Oh, I beg your pardon, it was all a mistake; I'm engaged to somebody else." And then suddenly, with a still fiercer flash of anger, he demanded, "Who is he? Who is the man?"

"The gentleman to whom I have the honor to be engaged is Mr. Forde, my father's curate. Perhaps it would be better for you to make your complaint about my conduct to him."

"Egad, I should think he'd be rather astonished if I did enlighten him a little on that score! Your father's curate? So it's for the sake of a beggarly curate you are going to throw me over the bridge."

"You are at liberty to insult me, Lord Paulyn, but I must insist upon your refraining from any insolent mention of my future husband. And now, perhaps, as we quite understand each other, you will be good enough to let me go to my aunt."

"Don't be in such a hurry, Miss Luttrell," said the Viscount, white with anger. That he, Reginald Paulyn, should be rejected by any woman living, least of all by a country vicar's daughter, and in favor of a country curate! It was not to be endured. But of course she was not in earnest; this pretended refusal was only an elaborate coquetry. "I'm—I'm not a bad-tempered man, that I am aware; but there are some things beyond any man's forbearance; and after leading me on as you have done—that you can look me in the face and tell me you're going to marry another man—I won't believe it of you, no, not from your own lips. Come, Elizabeth, be reasonable; drop all this nonsense. Never mind if there has been some kind of flirtation between you and Forde; let by-gones be by-gones; I won't quarrel with the past. But give me a straight answer, like a woman of the world. Remember, there's nothing you care for in this world that I can't give you; you were made to occupy a brilliant position, and I love you better than I ever loved any living creature."

He took her hand, which she did not withdraw from him; she let him hold it in his strong grasp, a poor little icy-cold unresisting hand. For the first time it dawned upon her that she had done him a great wrong.

"Do you really care for me?" she asked, with a serious, wondering air. "I am so sorry, and begin to see that I have done wrong; I ought to have been more candid. But indeed, Lord Paulyn, it is my aunt's fault. I begged her to tell you of my engagement. I would have told you myself even, only," with a feeble little laugh, "I could hardly volunteer such a piece of information; it would have been so presumptuous to suppose that you were in any danger from our brotherly and sisterly acquaintance."

"Brotherly and sisterly be hanged!" said the Viscount; "you must have known that I doted on you. God knows I've let you see it plain enough. I've never hid my light under a bushel."

After this there came another brief silence: Elizabeth looking thoughtfully at the rippling water, Lord Paulyn watching her face with a gloomy air.

"Come," he said at last, "what is it to be? Are you going to throw me over for the sake of this curate fellow? Are you going to bury yourself alive in a country parsonage, teaching a pack of sniveling children psalm-singing? You've tasted blood; you know something of what life is. Come, Lizzie, be just to yourself and me. Write this Forde fellow a civil letter telling him you've changed your mind."

"Not for Egypt," said Elizabeth, turning her flashing eyes upon him—eyes which a moment before had been gazing dreamily at the river. "You do not know how I love him. Yes, I love the world too," she went on, as if answering that sordid plea by which the Viscount had endeavored to sustain his suit; "I do love the world. Its pleasures are all so new to me, and I have enjoyed my life unspeakably since I've been in London—yes, in spite of being parted from him. But I could no more give him up than I could cut my heart out of my body, and live. I am quite willing to admit that I have done wrong"—this with an air of proud humility which was very rare in Elizabeth Luttrell—"I beg your pardon, Lord Paulyn; I entreat you to forgive me, and accept my friendship instead of my love. You have been very kind to me, very indulgent to all my caprices and tempers, and believe me I am not ungrateful."

"Forgive you!" he echoed, with a harsh laugh; "be your friend, when I have made up my mind to be your husband! Rather hard lines. However, I suppose friendship must count for something; and as you prefer the notion of psalm-singing and three sermons a Sunday to a house in May Fair, a yacht at Cowes, a racing-box at Newmarket, and stables in Yorkshire—I should have liked to show you my Yorkshire stables and stud farm," with a dreamy fondness—"as you have made your choice, I suppose I must abide by it. And we'll be friends, Lizzie—I may call you Lizzie, mayn't I? It's only one of the privileges of friendship."

"You may call me any thing you like, if you'll only promise never to renew this subject, and to forgive me for having unwittingly deceived you."

The Viscount clasped her hand in both of his, then touched it with his lips for the first time. And as he kissed the little white hand, with a fond, lingering pressure, he vowed a vow; but whether of friendship and fealty or of passionate, treacherous, selfish love, was a secret hidden in the soul of the Viscount himself.

Elizabeth accepted the kiss as a pledge of fidelity, and anon began to talk of indifferent subjects with a somewhat forced gayety, as if she would have made believe that there had been no love scene between Lord Paulyn and herself. They left the landing-place, and strolled slowly on to join the major and Aunt Chevenix, who were both sorely weary of their enforced meanderings. The matron smiled upon Elizabeth with the smile of triumph; she had seen those two motionless figures from afar as she paced the other end of the long terrace with her companion, and assured herself that the Viscount had come to the point.

Now as they came toward her, walking side by side with a friendly air, she told herself that all was well. Elizabeth had renounced the ways of foolishness, and had accepted that high fortune which a bounteous destiny had reserved for her.

"I said it when she was still in pinafores," thought Mrs. Chevenix: "that girl was born to be a peeress."

CHAPTER IV.

"The company is 'mixed' (the phrase I quote is
As much as saying they're below your notice);
For a 'mixed' company implies that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places, where they basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, call'd '*The World;*' but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why."

Bitter, with unutterable bitterness, was the disappointment of Aunt Chevenix, when at breakfast next morning she was made acquainted with the actual state of affairs. Lord Paulyn had verily proposed, and had been rejected.

"To say that you are mad, Elizabeth, is to say nothing," exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, casting herself back in her chair and regarding her niece with a stony gaze, egg-spoon in hand; "you were *that* when you accepted Mr. Forde. But *this* is a besotted idiotcy for which even your previous folly had not prepared me."

"You surely did not think that I should jilt Mr. Forde?"

"I surely did not think you would refuse Lord Paulyn," echoed her aunt: "a girl of your tastes—the very last of young women to marry a person in Mr. Forde's position. Upon my word, Elizabeth, it is too bad, positively cruel, after the pride I have felt in you, the money I have spent upon you even, though I am above alluding to that. Your conduct is a death-blow to all my hopes, Elizabeth." And here Mrs. Chevenix wept real tears, which she wiped despondently from her powdered cheeks.

"Pray don't cry, auntie. I am something like a man in that respect; I can't bear the sight of tears. I am very sorry for having disappointed you, but it would be hardly a fair thing to Lord Paulyn to marry him while my heart belongs entirely to some one else, to say nothing of Malcolm himself—"

"Malcolm!" exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, with profound disgust. "To think that I should have a niece—my favorite niece, too—capable of marrying a man called Malcolm!"

"I'm sorry you don't like his name, auntie. To my ear it is music."

"Yes, like the Scotch bagpipes, I suppose," in accents of withering scorn.

"And now, dearest auntie, let there be no quarreling between us," pleaded Elizabeth. "I dare say it is disappointing to you for me to settle down into a country clergyman's wife, after all my grand talk about marrying well, and riding through the world in my own barouche, over people's bodies, as it were, like the lady in Roman history. I did not know my own heart when I talked like that. I did not think that I should ever be weak enough to love any body fifty times better than carriages and horses. Please let us be friends"—coaxingly, and kneeling down by the offended matron. "Lord Paulyn has forgiven me, and he and I are to be excellent friends for the rest of our lives. Perhap he will give Malcolm a living; I dare say he ha three or four handsome benefices among his possessions."

"Friends, indeed!" cried Mrs. Chevenix, contemptuously. "I'm sure I thought last night that it was all settled, and even began to think of your trousseau. I never in my life had such a disappointment."

Little by little, however, the matron's indignation, or the outward show of that passion, abated, and she permitted her wounded spirits to be soothed by Elizabeth's caresses. Happily for the damsel, the business of life, that business of pleasure which sometimes involves more wear and tear of mind and body than the most serious pursuit of wealth or fame, must needs go on. Once in the whirlpool of Mrs. Cinqmars's set, and there was no escape; all their other engagements were as nothing to that lady's demands upon their time, and Mrs. Chevenix, for some unexplained reason, had entered upon a close alliance with the mistress of the Rancho.

"I did not think Mrs. Cinqmars was at all your style, auntie," Elizabeth said, wondering that this new-fledged friendship should be so strong upon the wing.

"Mrs. Cinqmars's style may not be faultless, but she is one of the best-natured little women I ever met, and has the art of making her house most delightful," replied Mrs. Chevenix, decisively.

"I think we ought to take our brass bedsteads out to Fulham, and camp under the trees, now the warm weather has set in. We almost live there, as it is," said Elizabeth.

There was some foundation for this remark in the fact that Mrs. Chevenix and her niece were oftener at the Rancho than any where else. Mrs. Cinqmars devoted all the forces of her being to the pursuit of pleasure; and as these gayeties and hospitalities assisted Mr. Cinqmars not a little in the pursuit of gain, the lady was allowed the free exercise of her talents in the art of making people forget that life was meant for any thing graver or higher than a perpetual talking of small-talk and quaffing of iced cups in the summer sunshine, now under the striped awning of a barge gliding up the sun-lit river, anon in the cool glades of some primeval forest, like Windsor or Burnham Beeches. If the destiny of mankind began and ended in picnics, water-parties, kettle-drums, and private theatricals, Mrs. Cinqmars would have been among the leaders of the world; but, unfortunately for the lady, those delights are fleeting as the bubbles on the river, and, however wide their circle spreads, make but brief impression, and are forgotten after a season or two. Mr. and Mrs. Cinqmars might have commemorated themselves in a pyramid as high as Pharaoh's, built out of empty Champagne bottles; but so ungrateful are the butterfly race they fed that almost the only record of their hospitality at the end of a season was a back-yard full of empty bottles, and the cases, which an odd man chopped up for fire-wood.

While the season lasted, however, Mrs. Cinqmars drank freely of pleasure's sparkling cup, and found no bitterness even in the lees thereof. She rarely left a blank day in her programme. Every week brought its water-party or its picnic. Every morning found her breakfast-tray—she did not leave her room till the business of the day began—piled high with notes of acceptance or refusal in answer to her coquettish little notes of invitation. She was not a person who sent meaningless cards "requesting," but wrote dainty little letters on monogram-emblazoned paper, full of familiar nothings, breathing the warmest friendship.

"The season is so short," she used to say, pensively, "one can not do too much while the fine weather lasts."

[to be continued.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The loss of the steamer *Atlantic* naturally produces a feeling of distrust concerning the safety of ocean travel. Many facts seem to authorize such a feeling. From recently collated statistics we are reminded that since the year 1841 no less than forty-four steam-ships, used for transatlantic voyages between the United States and England and the Continent, have been lost. The names of these vessels will bring freshly to many minds the harrowing incidents connected with the loss of some of them:

Wooden Steam-ships.—*Humboldt, Franklin, Arctic, Pacific.*

Iron Steam-ships.—*President, Columbia, City of Glasgow, City of Philadelphia, City of Boston, City of New York, Lyonnais, North Britain, Caledonia, Norwegian, Bohemian, Nova Scotian, United Kingdom, Hibernia, Tempest, Austria, Canadian* (No. 1), *New York, India, Arago, Hungarian, Connaught, United States, Canadian* (No. 2), *Britannia, Anglo-Saxon, Colorado, Union* (No. 1), *Lafayette, Cambria, Scotland, Union* (No. 2), *Glasgow, Cleopatra, Zoe, Mina Thomas, St. George, Chicago, Germany, Atlantic.*

Seven of these steamers have never been heard from, and the exact details of their fate are shrouded in impenetrable mystery. But in many cases no lives were lost in connection with the destruction of the vessels mentioned in the above list.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that there are now seventeen established lines of steamers between this country and Europe—all, excepting two recent ones, being now in active operation; that there is a fleet of about one hundred and forty vessels now engaged in crossing the Atlantic, and that forty-five more will soon be added to the list; that an immense number of passengers are every year safely transported in these steam-ships; and that some of the lines which have been longest established have never lost a life by accident at sea. Most of the transatlantic companies allow a certain time for the passage of each ship, with what is called "an indefinite margin," in case of unfavorable weather or other special cause for detention. Surely commanders of our first-class steamers should be men of such tried skill and fidelity that full discretion could be given them to take as long time for their trips as is requisite for perfect safety. Many disastrous wrecks have been the simple result of ruinous speed. If every line which engages in a reckless competition to win the reputation of running the fastest steamers should be carefully shunned by travelers, one evil would be quickly remedied, and accidents be lessened. And the same principle may wisely be applied to all railways.

One of the desperate thieves who have long infested some of our city railroads was recently arrested after robbing a gentleman on the platform of a Third Avenue car. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to the State-prison for twenty years. If officers of justice would vigorously attempt the arrest of every car thief and pickpocket, and the utmost sentence of the law be passed upon them, the lives and property of peaceable citizens would be far safer.

The dangers of the coast of Nova Scotia are well shown from the fact that between 1857 and 1864 nine iron steamers, running from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Portland, were lost.

A short time ago a boy aged seven years died from the effects of drinking intoxicating liquors to excess. *Any* intoxicating liquor is "excess" for a child of seven; and the unknown person who gave it to this boy is guilty of a very serious crime.

A hazardous voyage is about to be undertaken from San Diego, California, to the coast of Japan, in the sloop *Dolphin*, a mere cockle-shell, measuring only thirty feet in length from stem to stern, ten feet beam, and three feet three inches depth of hold. She is built sharp at both ends, and is capable of carrying about eight tons. In her voyage to Japan she will be manned by four men, including her commander. She will be supplied with water and provisions to serve six months. Her cargo will consist of two tons of coarse salt, implements for hunting the otter and curing the skins, and provisions for the cruise. The sea-otter is very plenty off the coast of Japan, and the adventurers expect to secure a full cargo of skins. The captain regards the vessel as safer than a larger one, and has confidence that he can make the passage in about six weeks.

At the recent sale of pews in the Rev. George H. Hepworth's new church the first choice went for $1000 to a gentleman who selected a $1200 pew. The same bidder also took three other pews at the same price. The total number of pews in the church is 347, with rentals varying from $150 to $1200, depending on size and location.

The readers of the *Weekly* will recollect the portraits which appeared in this paper a few weeks ago of the Grand Shereef of Morocco, and his wife, an English lady whom he recently married. This marriage naturally excited a good deal of interest, and it was hoped would tend to exert an important influence upon all Mohammedan countries. It now appears that the Sultan of Morocco is quite concerned in regard to the conduct of the Shereef in apparently abandoning some Mohammedan customs, and evidently designs to do every thing he can to bring about a separation between the Shereef and his wife. For example: in the settlements made before marriage the possibility of a separation between this singularly matched couple was contemplated, and it was agreed that in case of a divorce the lady should receive a sum equivalent to seven thousand pounds sterling. The Sultan has now offered to pay this money himself, if the Shereef will send her away. But the young husband seems by no means inclined to do this, and has placed himself and the Shereefa under French protection, and taken refuge with the French minister in the House of Legation. How far the power of the Sultan may extend is uncertain: as the head of the religious order of the Muley Taieb, the Shereef is superior to the Sultan, and is regarded as a person of peculiar sanctity. The Shereefa does not conform to the Mohammedan customs of seclusion, but rides out daily, accompanied by her husband, much in the fashion of an English lady. Evidently she married without resigning any of her English privileges as to personal freedom of action. What will be the final result remains to be seen.

The Ladies' Christian Union of this city have inaugurated a most praiseworthy and practical institution in the form of a "Temporary Home for Women," which will be opened early in May, in Macdougal Street, near Washington Square. At this place any friendless, homeless girl or woman, irrespective of creed or nationality, will find a welcome by day or by night, and no questions will be asked. A warm bath, clothing if necessary, a clean, comfortable bed, and good, plain food will be furnished to all, at merely nominal prices, while to those who have no means of paying it will be entirely free. One week will be the longest time allotted to any occupant of this home. It is intended that in these few days there shall be thrown about them influences for good which will strengthen each one to go forward with fresh courage, and maintain herself by the capabilities God has given her. Friends interested in this noble work, and who desire to aid it by donations of money, are requested to send contributions to Mrs. Russell Sage, 506 Fifth Avenue. One-dollar annual subscriptions solicited.

King Lunalilo gave good advice to his subjects when they gathered to pay their respects to him on a recent visit to Hilo, urging them to forsake the ignorant ways of olden times, to abandon idolatry, and to obey the one God. The King also seems to have the right ideas in regard to those who should fill public offices. He remarked: "You must persevere in your search of wisdom and in habits of morality. Do not be indolent. Those who have struggled hard after knowledge and good character are the ones who deserve and shall receive places of trust hereafter under the government."

Count de Waldeck is worth mentioning. Though a native of Prague, he is a naturalized Frenchman, and has recently celebrated his one hundred and seventh birthday. He is hale and hearty, having scarcely any infirmity except that he is a little hard of hearing. He is now serving as the director of a new theatre to be built in Paris, and is laying plans for the future with all the zest of youth. He was born March 16, 1766.

Unexplored Siberia is about to be penetrated by adventurous Russians for scientific purposes. An old Siberian traveler bearing the unpronounceable name of Tschekanowski has been placed in command of a party who have already commenced their journey in sledges. When the large rivers that empty into the Arctic Ocean open, they will follow their course, until, perhaps, they are lost in the polar sea. The expedition, however, plans to be absent a couple of years, during which time it intends to examine the physical resources of Siberian wastes, as well as to make observations upon the meteorology of that extreme Northern country. It is believed that mines of great value and of various kinds exist in that frosty clime, which might prove a source of boundless wealth.

The *Court Journal* says that Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who is now in England, always sends a telegram to his wife in the United States before he sits down to dinner, and gets an answer back before he has risen from the table.

A wealthy Russian lady, Lidia Rodelrena, has just presented to the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine $40,000 to endow a department for the medical instruction of women.

Perhaps it may not be generally known that the Prince Imperial had a Yorkshire nurse, a Miss Shaw, who at the birth of the Prince took charge of him, with the assistance of a French wet-nurse, and proved most faithful to the charge reposed in her. Until the young Prince was seven years old she was his constant attendant in drives and out-door exercises, and when he was transferred to the care of a tutor, M. Monad, Miss Shaw still continued attached to his person. She never left him until about five years ago, when she was taken ill with scarlatina. The Prince has always warmly reciprocated the affection of his faithful governess. In 1869 Miss Shaw was married to M. Thierry, an ex-captain of the Ninth Imperial Guards, and then secretary and treasurer of the Emperor's private charities. Since that time she has continued to live in Paris, with occasional absences to visit her friends in North Yorkshire, and, since the flight of the late Emperor, with an occasional visit to Chiselhurst to see her beloved Prince. When the Emperor was seized with what proved to be his last illness, the Empress sent for her faithful friend, Madame Thierry, who came forthwith at the summons. A room was placed at her disposal near the Prince Imperial's, and the "lady clad in the deepest mourning" who appeared on the balcony when the procession returned to the house, and the Prince was saluted by his friends as "Napoleon IV.," that lady, by many supposed to be the Empress, was none other than the once nurse-girl, now Madame Thierry. Of the young Prince, whose life she has watched over with unswerving care, she has often said that "if ever Napoleon IV. ascends the throne, the love of truth will be found one of the most conspicuous virtues of his character," though it is said that in the imperial court she had to overcome almost insurmountable difficulty to achieve this result.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

We have seen many lazy men (and women too, for that matter) in our day and generation, but we *do* think that a little the laziest individual we ever did meet is a certain bald-headed, oldish gentleman, who lives somewhere in Fourteenth Street near the Fifth Avenue. Standing the other day with a friend at the southeast corner of Broadway and Union Square, waiting for a Fourth Avenue omnibus, upward bound, we noticed the subject of this paragraph crossing the street, with his arm in a sling. Turning to our companion, who was well acquainted with him, we asked, "Why, what in the world has happened to Mr. ——'s arm?" "Oh, nothing at all," was the reply; "he only wears it in a sling because he is *too lazy to swing it!*"

"Going out with the Tide"—Accompanying the bridal party out of church.

A Western newspaper gives a thrilling account of a steamer's perilous voyage, describing particularly her dangerous passage over the falls, with only "one inch of water between her keel and the rocks, and half an inch of atmosphere between her chimneys and the bridge."

A Kentucky farmer refused to look at a sample sewing-machine recently, as he always "sewed wheat by hand." He is related to the man who did not want a threshing-machine on his farm; "for," said he, "give me a harness tug or a barrel stave, and I can make my family toe the mark according to law and Scripter."

When a girl falls in love with an unlucky Irishman, her heart always goes pity-Pat.

A school-boy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher; and the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

The gentleman who lately took the fresh air in the Central Park is requested to restore it.

"What time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, my darling, I can't tell; 'cause, you see, there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

The *highest* office within the gift of the people is the weather signal station on Pike's Peak.

An unimaginative individual on visiting the Falls of Niagara was greatly perplexed at the astonishment expressed by his companions, and on one of them exclaiming to him, "Is it not a most wonderful fall?" replied, "Wonderful! no; I see nothing wonderful in it. Why, what's to hinder the water from falling?"

Talleyrand, being bothered on one occasion, by a man who squinted awfully, with several importunate questions concerning his leg, recently broken, replied, "It is quite *crooked*—as you *see!*"

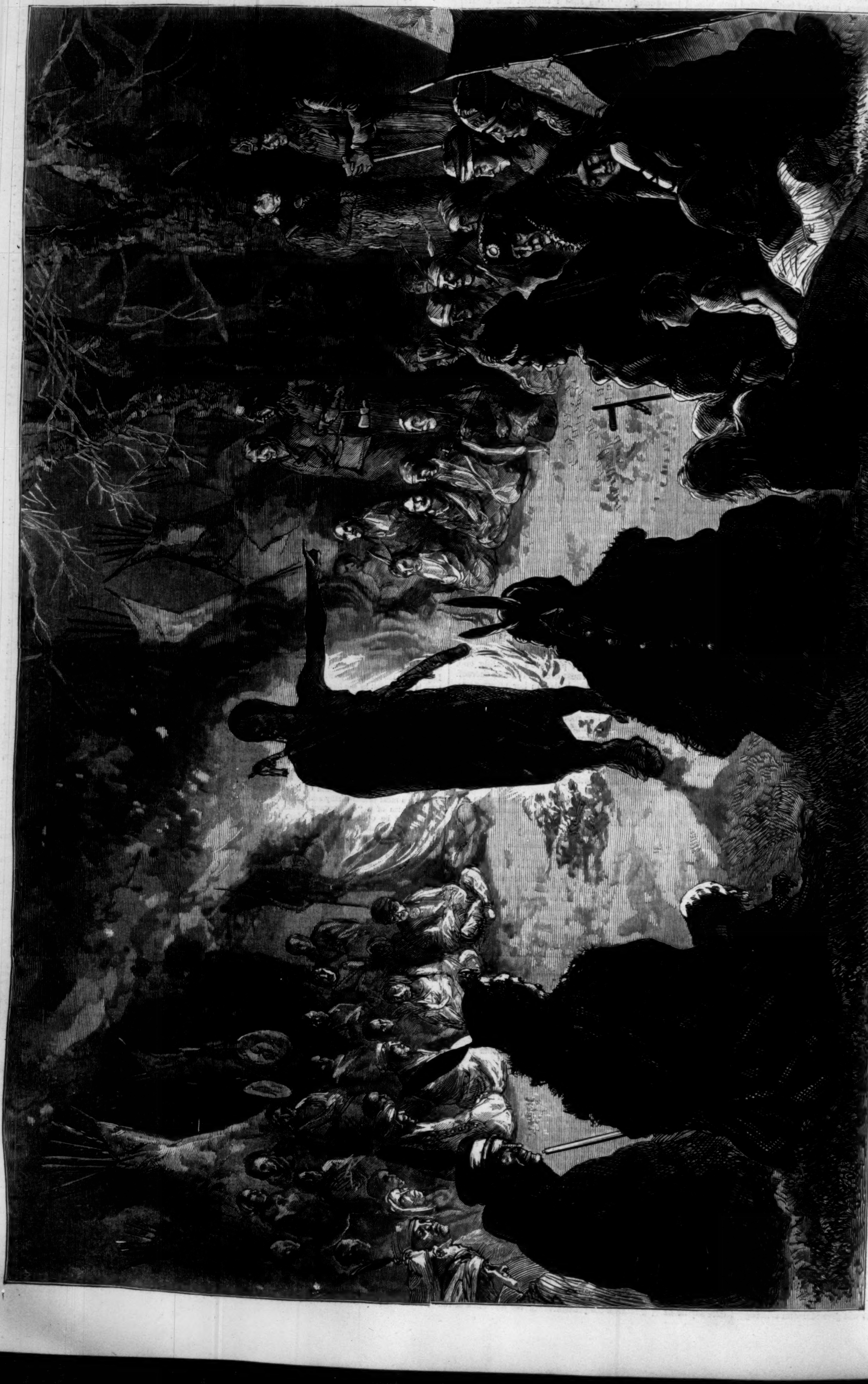
A German physiologist has discovered that tobacco-smoking by boys "interferes with the molecular changes coincident with development of tissues, and makes the blood corpuscles oval, and irregular at the edge." Any parent can thus ascertain if his boy smokes by merely taking out a handful of his blood corpuscles and observing their edges.

Compositors often put in queer things "to fill out a column." Here is the latest: "Does not a young mother's heart leap 4th with joy when she beholds her darling babe's 1st 2th?"

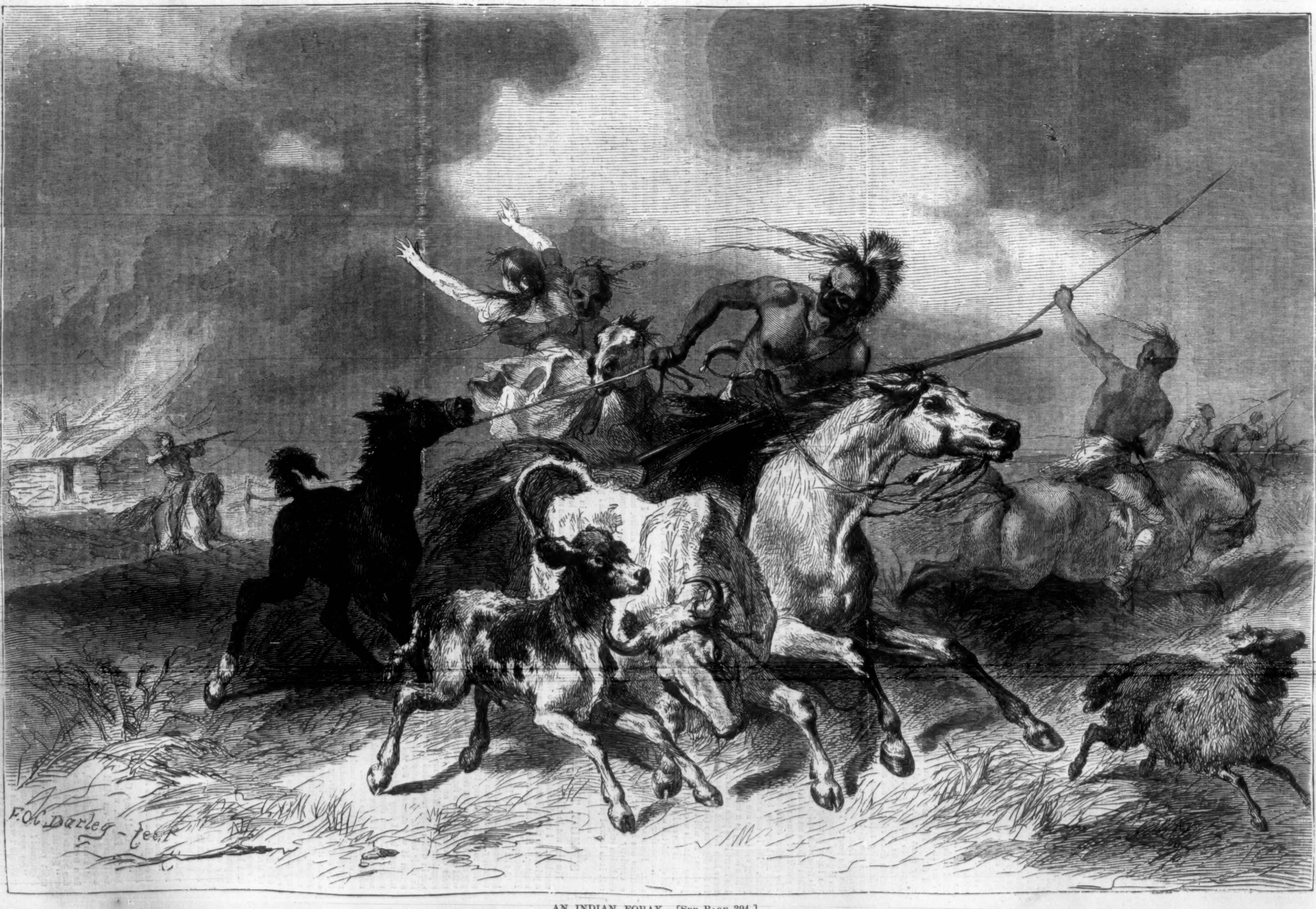
A Yankee grocer, being solicited to contribute to the building of a new church, promptly subscribed his name to the paper in the following manner: "John Jones (the only place in town where you can get eleven pounds of good sugar for a dollar), twenty-five cents."

"I'm going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymeneal altar.

An old Dutch tavern-keeper had his third wife, and being asked his views of matrimony, replied, "Vell den, you see, de first time I marries for love—dat vash goot; den I marries for peauty—dat vash goot too, apout as goot as de first; but dis time I marries for money—and dis is petter as poth!" Old Cooney took a practical view of things.



AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE—THE YOUNG BRAVE'S SPEECH.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey, from a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 394.]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AN INDIAN FORAY.—[See Page 394.]

ABOUT THE COUNCIL FIRE.

The legislative hall of the Indian, as shown in our illustration on page 392, has the starry skies for dome. The wall of night girdles it; the council fire affords the dusky chiefs and "bucks" sufficient illumination, and brands with which to light the circling pipe. Among the gnarled cotton-wood-trees which form the background the shape of the tepes is defined in the gloom. Wolves are yelping all around. A pack in the immediate vicinity is answered by hundreds of voices from the surrounding darkness.

The old chiefs have been to a council with the white brother. Two suns have passed since their return, laden with presents, which have made the old chiefs' hearts glad, and every young buck in the village envious. One by one the old men rise, their story is told, and each has the same good word to say. The white brother is strong, his number exceeds that of the buffalo (heavy grunts from all sides), he has pony soldiers without number, and walk-a-heaps (infantry) till no Indian can count them!—this all by way of indicating how strong the white brother is—also the white brother's heart is *very* good: he is anxious for peace, and will give the red brother blankets, sugar, spotted buffalo (cattle), and divers other good things. This and much more is gone over by the old chiefs; and when at last they have finished, an unbroken silence prevails, while the pipes pass round the circle many times. Then a young buck rises slowly, and moves swiftly toward the fire. He has but little to say. The old chiefs are very wise. They have the frosts of many winters on their heads. Their tepes are large, and filled with many things which make the heart of an Indian glad. Their ponies are many and fat. They are known and respected by many great chiefs. Should they be called to journey to the happy hunting-ground, the trail would be an open one, for they would be known from afar. This and much more complimentary talk is gone through with. Then comes the gist of the talk. Who knows the Young Elk? No one (grunts all round). He has one pony. The pony is very thin. He has no hope of recognition from the gate-keeper of the happy hunting-ground. He has nothing in his tepe with which to give welcome to a friend. Then follows an exhibit of poverty which extorts a chorus of grunts from the circle of squatters. The speaker continues. He is not a squaw; his eyes are hurt now by the smoke of the squaws' fires. He is not alone; there are many more young men who are no better off than he. The white brother is a woman; his arm is weak, and his heart is as pale as his face. A man can take from him all that he has, and the big-gun men in the dig-heap (fort) will give much more. He is done: he will talk no more, but will go and prove that his words are true.

This is the end of the council. Presently the newspapers tell us that Indian depredations have been committed, but by what tribe it is uncertain. Homes on the border are in flames, the settlers are killed or driven off, or carried into a captivity worse than death, and terror and desolation reign along the frontier. But a peace talk is to be had presently, and all will be well.

SCHMIDT, THE ARCHITECT.

He was not in this line of business when I first met him. I met Schmidt in the army. He was a private in the regiment of which I was quartermaster. He was generally called "the honest Dutchman."

As he was the only Dutchman in the regiment, his honesty was commonly attributed to his nationality. I don't mean to say that the boys were given to stealing, or any thing of that kind: simply that they were not reliable, is what I mean; wild and lawless to a fearful degree—not a particle of discipline; and as to respect for their superiors—it is painful for me to recall the manner in which they responded to my untiring zeal in their behalf. As quartermaster, in time of action it was necessary for me to be with the wagons; but I deny indignantly that I ever got under or behind them, and repudiate the insinuation implied in the vote of thanks they rendered me for efficiency in retreat.

I will confess that the battle of —— found me unprepared. We were suddenly brought into action, and the enemy having the advantage of position, it was next to impossible to secure a safe retreat from the whizzing of stray balls, and the unpleasant encounter with spent ones. One of my most valuable horses being killed before my eyes, I immediately fell to the ground, prostrated with grief. The public, particularly the votaries of Mr. Bergh, will understand my feelings when I state that I actually felt the whir of the ball that killed my gallant gray. After that it was impossible for me to remain there any longer. My emotions rendering me unable to stand, I crawled to the colonel's tent, where I found Schmidt in charge.

He was walking up and down, gesticulating violently, rolling his eyes in a most fearful manner.

"Don't be frightened, Schmidt," I said: "it is certainly a terrible thing, but don't be frightened."

"My God! my God!" he shouted, in his broken English, which it would be ridiculous to imitate; "vat shall I do? I am ruined, desolated—"

"Don't be frightened, Schmidt," I repeated, in a trembling voice; for the dreadful sound of the bullets reminded me of my poor horse.

"Frightened!" he said, glaring at me in a most violent manner. "Who talks of being frightened? I am the most wretched of men!"

"So am I, Schmidt," I said, mournfully. "Would I were safe in my native village, away from these scenes of carnage!"

"Bah!" he cried, leaping over a small keg of whisky, which my trembling fingers refused to open; "you are the commissariat, is it not so? And you vill not mind—ah, no, it vill not incommode you to stay here vile I go yonder for von leetle moment, only just von leetle shot—only von. You see," he said, slapping his breast in the most ridiculous way, "the colonel tells me stay; I mount guard upon this tent so miserable; I vatch these blankets, these visky barrels empty—"

"Empty!" I echoed, lugubriously, for I felt faint, and whisky would have been excellent for me.

"Ya-as, empty," he repeated, brought to reason by the direful prospect of a dearth in whisky; "is it that all the visky is gone?"

"There is some, as you say, over yonder; but, my dear Schmidt, there is an unpleasant dance in that vicinity, and I am not a dancing man."

"But moi!" he said, again slapping his breast and catching up a rifle, "I love the bal! Allonz! Veet! I leaves you in charge of the tent, of the blankets, the barrels empty. Adoo, my benefactor!" He leaped at least three feet over the kegs, out of the tent, and sped swiftly off to have what he called "von leetle shot."

He was a dangerous man. I was glad he was gone: fancy his whirling a loaded musket about my head in that way! The next time I saw Schmidt he was in the hospital, with an ugly hole in his leg. He must have brandished his musket to some purpose, as he was promoted to the rank of corporal for what they called bravery on the field. The colonel forgave him for dereliction of duty in leaving the tent. I have said before that discipline was a thing unknown to the regiment.

For this reason (and others) I soon after resigned my position. To be compelled to risk limb and life for neither glory nor profit; to be familiarly called "the artful dodger" by a set of lawless ruffians, because I prudently stepped out of the way of a cannon-ball; to be rebuked and reprimanded because I used my own judgment in time of retreat, and sacrificed beans to whisky, or whisky to beans—this was my life as a quartermaster.

I was glad to get back to my native village and my daughter Rosalie.

Here I was at last appreciated. My adventures by flood and field were listened to with profound respect. My familiarity with the field of war enabled me to point out discrepancies in the dispatches of the war correspondents, and describe to my neighbors the exact position taken by the opposing armies. I must candidly confess that I began then for the first time to understand the meaning of the word glory. I felt a sentiment of patriotism swell my heart when I described to my old friends and neighbors the scenes of horror through which I had passed, or, rather, through which I undoubtedly should have not only passed, but waded, had not circumstances compelled me to resign my position.

I may say without vanity that I was looked upon as an oracle in war affairs, and was the humble instrument of sending a number of recruits to the army. I persuaded them to believe that it was their duty to go, as I had gone, and do their share for their country.

In describing scenes of action, in which, of course, the imagination is more or less appealed to, I had used the first person as the most convenient form of narrative, and in the battle where I first met Schmidt, and where he got a hole in his leg, I had spoken of him as my deliverer, as having in a critical moment saved my life. And so he had. In all human probability, if I had not remained in charge of the colonel's tent, I should have gone to the field of battle, and no doubt have been killed. The danger was frightful, the bullets were whizzing about in all directions, and the noise of artillery was enough to deafen one. Under Heaven Schmidt saved my life, and I gave him the credit for it with my daughter Rosalie and with my neighbors. Of course I did not enter into particulars. It was not necessary. I merely said that at the battle of —— Schmidt saved my life.

It is astonishing how women will persist in talking upon a subject when all rational interest in it is exhausted. My daughter Rosalie insisted upon my describing Schmidt to her. I told her he had a very singularly shaped head, long and narrow, covered with hair of a bright vermilion color, and that was really all I could remember about him. Was he young? Yes, he was young, I supposed. Was he educated? How under heaven was I to know? The man was a Dutchman, and I didn't know his language. Was he a gentleman? He was a private soldier, and acted often in the capacity of servant to the colonel, but in war times caste was in a measure so mixed up that we could not readily form a judgment.

We were very comfortable, Rosalie and I. My property had increased in value, and the opening of a new line of railroad had given a brisk incentive to building. I determined that, in addition to my snug little business in real estate, I would add the branch of architecture; but not having a very clear idea upon some of the points connected with this profession, I quietly dropped an advertisement for an assistant to a leading journal in the metropolis.

The next morning I was seated in my office reading this advertisement with considerable admiration for its style and perspicuity, when there was a knock at the door, and upon my invitation to enter there appeared a young man, decently clad, with a slight limp in his gait, but otherwise immensely improved since I had last seen him. A civilian's suit, albeit rather shabby, toned down the peculiar wildness in his eyes; and being a judge of character, I could discern unusual intelligence in his long, narrow head. He had very shrewdly concluded to apply to my advertisement in person, and after a little conversation I concluded to give him a chance. The conversation was limited, of course, as his English was defective, but his terms were extremely moderate. As he didn't appear to recognize me, I did not endeavor to aid his memory, and decided to let the past alone. But just as we were concluding a business engagement the door suddenly opened, and in burst Rosalie. "Papa," she said, and then stopped, open-mouthed, and looked at my newly hired assistant. "How glad I am to see you!" she said, rushing up to him and snatching his hand.

He stared at her, and got as red as a turkey-cock. "My dear Rosalie," I said, "you're making a mistake. Who do you take this young man for?"

"Why, papa," she said, turning to me with an air of reproach, "don't you suppose I recognize your preserver—he who saved your life at the battle of ——? Dear Mr. Schmidt, of course I know you. Take off your overcoat and stay to dinner!"

He commenced to bow and scrape, but didn't take off his coat, as the poor devil had but the one on; and what could I do but let the girl have her way, and keep Schmidt to dinner, and tell him who I was, since he had forgotten me?

"Just like the modesty of these heroes," said Rosalie, in the dining-room afterward when we were alone together. "I dare say he's saved a dozen lives, perhaps twenty, and of course he forgets all about you!" She wanted to domicile him at once in the best bedroom, and insisted upon opening some of the domestic wine, which would have likely soured upon his stomach and made him ill.

I took the opportunity to explain matters a little, and rectify an error that she had fallen into, and that seemed likely just at that time to be very awkward. "The fact is, Rosalie," I said, "you may as well understand that I am not going to be tormented in this way. It is simply a young man that I've hired to help me in the office, and that ends the whole matter."

"And the fact of his saving your life is nothing, then?" she said, flaming up like a young tigress.

"That was merely a figurative remark of mine, Rosalie." I hesitated a moment: it was difficult to explain these things properly to a woman; and after I had endeavored to describe the rashness of Schmidt, and his insanity in preferring a scene of blood and carnage to the comfortable shelter of the colonel's tent—after I had told her of his determination to join in the battle, and leave me in an honorable position of safety, thus unwittingly saving my life—after I had explained every thing to her, she persisted in making him more of a hero than ever.

"What a brave, brave fellow, papa!" she said. "I love to hear of such courage as that!"

"There is such a thing as physical courage, Rosalie," I said, "and there is a far higher order of bravery, called moral courage." But as the child seemed to be given up to the false idea of glory, which rarely outlives youth, I thought it best to postpone further argument.

I went down to the office, where Schmidt was waiting for me, and as a compromise told him he might, if he liked, sleep over the carriage-house, as the coachman had a room there to spare. Schmidt accepted the offer gratefully. He got his meals somewhere in the village, and pretty soon every thing was running smoothly again. In a few days Schmidt was drawing the plans for Squire Ransom's new house on the hill. I wanted this to be something extra, for the old gentleman had hinted pretty strongly that he'd make the property over to his son when a certain event came off, which was then on the tapis. I may as well say frankly that young Ransom had been making eyes at my daughter Rosalie, and there had been drives and rambles and evening chats by the dozen; and if ever the course of true love appeared to be a macadamized road, it was in this case, where there were health, wealth, youth, and beauty on both sides.

Rosalie used to drop into the office and look over Schmidt's shoulder while he drew the plans for her future home; and once in a while, when he spoke to her in that jargon of his that I never could make head nor tail of, she'd blush up, and look shamefaced enough, as 'twas proper for a young maiden with her expectations.

Things were working along swimmingly by the time winter set in. Squire Ransom was quite complimentary upon my plans for his house, and the foundation was to be laid as soon as the weather would permit. Other buildings were improvised, and the architectural branch of our business so far outstripped the real estate that I began to have a great respect for the talents of Schmidt, my assistant.

Young Ransom used to make considerable game of him in various ways, and there was no doubt that he was a very good figure for a butt; but I noticed that the merriment usually went on in his absence, as, despite his vermilion hair and awkward limp and the general ungainliness of his appearance, there was something in Schmidt that either inspired great respect or great fear, and one served as well as the other. As the long winter nights set in Rosalie took a studious turn, and resolved to look up some of her books; among the rest she spoke of polishing up her French.

"Looking out for your wedding-tour, eh?" I said, as I had heard young Ransom pooh-pooh the idea of home travel on this occasion.

She blushed very prettily, and hung her head; then all at once she spoke up quite suddenly, as if the thought had just occurred to her.

"Papa, I wish you'd let Mr. Schmidt help me with the accent: he's so kind, you know: and I wouldn't trouble him any more than I could help."

"Why, I thought it was French you wanted to look up," I said.

"And so it is," she replied.

"Why, Schmidt's a Dutchman!" I said.

Then she burst out laughing.

"He's as French as French can be," she said. "What ever made you think he was a German?"

"Why, heavens and earth, Rosalie!" I cried, "he must be a Dutchman. He was called the honest Dutchman in the regiment."

"Then to their other atrocities they must have added brutal stupidity," said Rosalie. "Mr. Schmidt is a native of Lorraine."

"The deuce he is!" I replied, not having the least idea where Lorraine was, as it had been many years since I had looked into a geography.

Of course she had her way, as usual; and off nights, as I used to call the evenings when young Ransom was away, she and Schmidt were busy plodding over their books. I used to pity Schmidt, as he was hard at work all day in the office, and I told him it was a deuced shame to keep his nose forever at the grindstone, and that all work and no play made Jack a dull boy. But it didn't seem to take the edge off his faculties in the least—in fact, he worked harder than ever; and I wondered at him sometimes, he was such a blaze of nervousness and energy. I was afraid he was drudging himself out, as he grew thinner than ever, and hadn't a word to say to any one outside his work.

Somewhere about the middle of December we had a tremendous fall of snow, and Rosalie and young Ransom went out every day sleighing. The French lessons were a little neglected, but I couldn't see that it lightened Schmidt's labors in the least. My bed-chamber was at the back of the house, and I could see plainly into Schmidt's room, over the coach-house. The light burned there half the night, and I saw him at all hours stalking around, flinging about his arms in the wild way he had. He got very cadaverous, and had nasty hollows in his cheeks, and a gloomy look about him that I didn't like.

One day when young Ransom drove by with Rosalie, and I made some remark about its being a handsome turn-out, Schmidt turned upon me with such ferocity, declaring it was no business of his, that I hesitated and thought a bit. Then I was sure I had found out what was the matter with him.

"Schmidt," I said, "why don't you be frank with me? Why don't you speak out like a man, and say what you want?"

He dropped his pencil, and looked at me as white as any sheet.

"Meester—Meester Stubbs," he gasped.

"Yes," I said, "why don't you speak out? I'm ready to act generously by you. Hang it, man, don't stare at me that way, but tell me what you want, and you shall have it!"

He kept on staring, but didn't speak; so I went on: "Of course it's unpleasant for a man of your talents to be compelled to drudge day after day for a mere livelihood, when a fellow like young Ransom has nothing to do but enjoy himself. But there's a difference, Schmidt, between honorable ambition and an unworthy envy. Ransom was born to his station, and you were born to yours; you have talents that he has not, and he has advantages that have not been given to you. But the long and the short of it is, Schmidt, I'll raise your salary, I'll double it—there now!—if you'll pluck up a bit, and get back your old spirits."

Hanged if he didn't burst into a demoniacal laugh!

"Ve haf made our leetle bargain, Meester Stubbs," he said, "and ve vill keep it, if you please. I beg of you to be tranquil!"

Which was a joke on his part, for if any body had need of tranquillity it was certainly poor Schmidt. There was a hot color in his cheek and a fire in his eye that were not indicative of quietude. But I had done all I could, and I washed my hands of him and his troubles.

That very night my house burned down!

Something was the matter with the flue in the furnace, and it commenced in the cellar in the dead of night. Luckily for us, poor Schmidt was stalking about as usual, perhaps gazing at the stars—Heaven knows—but he saw the flames in time to rush over from the carriage-house and smash in the door, shouting at the top of his lungs the dreadful cry of "Fire!" Soon the whole village was alarmed, and people came running at the top of their speed to the scene of danger. I heard Schmidt's voice; I knew the trouble; I could hear the crackle of the flames; I saw from my doorway Rosalie standing in her white night-dress; I heard her beg of me to hurry down the stairs while there was yet time. She grasped my arm wildly. "Papa! papa! for God's sake, come! we shall perish!" But it was no use. I was paralyzed. I couldn't move, for the life of me. I was like one in a nightmare, bound hand and foot. I saw, as in a dream, a wild, eager face glare in at the door. I saw him take Rosalie in his arms as if she were a feather, and carry her away. Then a great noise deafened me, and I looked upon what seemed to me a sea of fire. The stairs were gone—swallowed up. I was a doomed man!

Schmidt had saved Rosalie—God bless him!—and I, weak, miserable coward that I was, it was meet that I should perish! I staggered back to my room, and went to the window for air, and as I neared it the window-frame was shivered by a strong arm. I saw him spring back upon a ladder that reached up to a neighboring tree, and holding out his arms to me, he shouted,

"Jump, Meester Stubbs: I vill help you: make von leetle jump, in the name of the good God!"

It put life into my veins. I shut my eyes—for I was morally certain I should dash out my brains—and leaped for the tree. Schmidt caught me, and steadied me down the ladder. Then all the people cheered, my daughter Rosalie fell sobbing on my neck, and we both went down on our knees and thanked God for His agent, Schmidt, while the great bonfire played higher and higher, leaping and crackling and spitting tongues of flame, as if fiery demons were gleefully at work demolishing in a few hours what it had taken me a lifetime to get together.

After that there was a blank of some weeks. The excitement, the wading for a mile or two in the snow, the shock of the thing, brought on a fever, and when I came to myself it was many weeks after, in a strange room. Rosalie was bending over me, her tears falling on my face.

"He knows me, I think," she said to some other party in the room. "I am sure he knows me!"

Then when I heard the shuffle of his feet and his old limp, and saw his dear old vermilion head over Rosalie's shoulder, the whole truth rushed upon me, and I was choked with gratitude.

I reached up my arms and drew them both down together—Rosalie and Schmidt.

"God bless you, Schmidt!" I said, and my voice sounded strange to me. "God bless you, and may He deal with me as I with you!"

He had a pen behind his ear and a pencil in his mouth, so that I got a scratch or two in the embrace. He gulped out some of his jargon, and then got back to a little table in the corner, where it appeared he had established a desk, and was working away harder than ever at the office work.

I was fully insured; and in the spring the foundation for my new house was laid at the same time with Squire Ransom's. Thanks to Schmidt, not only the flue was all right this time, but I would have a better chance with the stairs in case of another fire. On the whole, I didn't regret the fire, as it brought me a good many blessings. Schmidt was as restless, untiring, and gloomy as of old: but I had a healing panacea for Schmidt. I had chuckled over it a long while, and put it off out of sheer pleasure in prolonging the surprise; but one day it was too much for me. I sat looking at him, thinking of all he had done for me, and how, when Rosalie was married to young Ransom, life would be very dull for me, and that perhaps God had given me my life-long desire, a son: not only a son—for he might have been a worthless fellow—but a partner, a friend, every thing in Schmidt.

I went over to him and put my hand on his shoulder. "Schmidt," I said, "my dear boy, do you know the name of our firm from the first of next month? I'm going to take a partner, Schmidt; guess who it is."

He started, and the color rushed into his cheek. "Is it that it is Ransom?" he said.

"It is not that it is Ransom," I replied; "but it is that it is *Schmidt*—eh, my boy? How does that sound, eh—Stubbs & Schmidt? It is that I am fond of you, my lad, and I'm going to share every thing with you, so as to satisfy that devouring ambition of yours; and you shall have your team of grays, like other folks. You see, I've never had a son, and when Rosalie's married—"

He started up, pale as ashes, tears streaming over his face. "It is too much," he said; "I can not bear it. Sare—Meester Stubbs, my good benefactor, I go from here; I must bid you good-day forever."

"What do you mean, Schmidt?" I said, in consternation. "Haven't you heard me offer to share every thing with you? Haven't you heard me say that after Rosalie is married I have only you in the world?"

"I am of men the most miserable," said Schmidt, beating his breast in the old fashion. "All the days of my life I must leave you! I can no longer stay: it rends my heart, it devours my blood, this marriage! I can it no longer endure."

"Schmidt!" I stammered.

"Yes," he went on, "I love her! I have loved her since that day the first that I her looked upon. She put her hand in mine, and of angels she was one of rapture and beauty. You have me heard," he said, snatching up his hat and rushing out. "I love your daughter, your Rosalie! It is enough; I have done!"

It was enough. I was stupefied. Love Rosalie! Why, this was pure madness. She was engaged to young Ransom; the very foundation of their house was laid. It was like interfering with the absolute. Gracious Heavens! Love Rosalie! Of course it explained every thing. The young jade had been very kind to him. I remembered now a thousand things: she had let her hair touch his in their lessons; she had cooed to him in that soft voice of hers—angled the soul out of his body. The wicked coquetry of the thing stung me to madness. I went off in hot pursuit of her, and found her in her bedroom, combing her hair before the glass, and singing away as if there were plenty more hearts to be broken.

"Sing away," I shouted at her from the doorway—"sing away, miss. That is the way that sirens lure poor sailors to their ruin: they comb their hair and they sing!"

"Why, papa!" stammered the child, thinking I had gone demented.

"Yes," I shouted, still louder, "you have robbed me of the greatest comfort of my life. I needed him so much! What shall I do when he is gone? He was every thing to me—the life of my business, and the solace of my declining years. Your wicked coquetry has broken his heart and mine!"

"Papa, what in the world are you talking about? Whose heart?"

"Whose but Schmidt's?" I said. "You have lured and beckoned him to his ruin. I have offered him the half of my business, as God knows he deserved. I wanted to share every thing with him, but he refused, and has gone forth a beggar on your account. You have not only stolen his love, you have robbed him of his life, for he might have been happy and rich."

She sat down upon the bed and put her head in her hands. Her long hair fell over her face, concealing it from me, but I saw a rich red blush steal up to her neck and reach her chin. I went over to her and raised her head; her eyes were wet with tears.

"Papa," she said, "I am so glad. I love him!"

"Who?" said I, a sudden joy almost choking me. "Not Schmidt?"

"Yes," she whispered; "I have loved him ever so long."

"But Ransom!" I stammered.

"That is all over long ago. I told him while you were ill it could never be; for do you see, papa," she said, stealing her arms about me, and murmuring in her pigeon-like tones, "he has saved your life twice. If it was not true that he rescued you from death upon the battle-field—"

"Let that pass, Rosalie."

"Yes, papa, but that taught me first to love him; and he did really save your life and mine from that dreadful fire, and then here while you were ill, papa, such tenderness, such devotion—"

"Hum—yes—and you seemed to like him once before, when you were studying together, eh?"

"Well, papa, he was such a patient teacher, and his accent is so perfect!"

She laughed, the jade, and so, in good truth, did I. I think I almost danced about the room. To have Rosalie and Schmidt too—it was too much. Rosalie to keep house for us, and be the mother of my little grandson, and Schmidt in business with me!

I went after him and dragged him back, and not giving my daughter time to put up her long locks, I left them mingling with the vermilion ones of Schmidt, finding it a very pretty contrast.

Then I went about on tiptoe in a neighboring room, rubbing my hands and chuckling over this new phase that left me absolutely nothing to desire.

My little grandson already climbs upon my knee; my business is rapidly increasing; Schmidt drives the handsomest team in the county; and I may as well add that a new design in roofing, which is chaste and elegant and perfectly fire-proof, is likely to make Schmidt famous.

THE DISPUTED PRIZE.

[See Illustration on Page 397.]

When in the East a creature dies,
They say that moment from the skies
A vulture makes appearance;
From some high cloud, however far,
The bird drops like a falling star,
And soon there is a clearance.

Yet often, ere the feast is done,
Somewhere from underneath the sun
A foul hyena steals.
No hunter for a legacy
Has half so good a nose as he
For such unpaid-for meals.

The bird, with fixed and greedy eye,
And the brute beast, so mean and sly,
Dispute like two attorneys;
They fight about that poor gazelle,
But lately bounding, live and well,
Alert for desert journeys.

The foul hyena growls his spite,
And says, "Poor scoundrel, take to flight,
And leave my meal alone.
We two had words; I struck him down,
And with him on the mountain crown
I have to pick a bone."

The vulture screams, "You wicked thief,
Some day you'll surely come to grief;
A bullet take you, robber!
This is my own especial prey;
I found it as I passed this way,
You villain, cheat, and jobber."

King Lion ends the long dispute,
Gives judgment in the wrangling suit
By driving both away:
So sometimes when two footpads fight,
And cry "help," "justice," "law," and "right,"
A third rogue steals the prey.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Advices have been received from the British exploring ship *Challenger*, dated at St. Thomas on the 16th of March, where she had just arrived, after a voyage of thirty days from Teneriffe. During the voyage the sails were furled and the ship put under steam on alternate days, and a sounding haul of the dredge and serial temperatures were taken at every 100 fathoms, from the surface down to 1500 fathoms. The sounding line and dredge were kept pretty constantly in use, showing that the comparatively smooth bottom runs off from the African coast, gradually deepening to 3125 fathoms at about one-third of the way across the Atlantic to the West Indies. After passing a comparatively shoal region, of about two miles in depth, the water was found to deepen again to three miles, which depth continued close to the West Indies. At this depth the dredge brought up a quantity of dark red clay, which contained enough animal matter to prove the existence of animal life at all depths. No little patience was required in this work, each haul of the dredge occupying twelve hours.

A great many new forms were discovered—among others a crustacean entirely destitute of eyes. At a depth of a mile and a half, near Teneriffe, rich hauls of sponges and corals were obtained. According to *Nature*, the *Challenger* will proceed from St. Thomas to New York, and remain there until the 25th of April, afterward sailing to Bermuda, and thence to Madeira, carrying another section line across the Atlantic. Later accounts, however, state that she had arrived at Bermuda on the 4th of April, and was to proceed thence to New York, where she may be expected any day.

The death of Dr. J. C. Nott, a well-known archæologist and physician, took place at Mobile on the 31st of March. He was sixty-nine years of age, and died on the morning of the anniversary.

For some time before his departure from this country the friends and associates of Professor Tyndall were aware that he contemplated leaving in the United States whatever proceeds of his lectures might remain after his necessary expenses were met, with a view of applying them in some manner that should tend to the advantage of science, and in the lectures on light, lately issued by the Appletons, the details are for the first time officially made public. The amount available for the object in question is about $13,000, his total receipts in this country, from thirty-five lectures, being $23,100. This balance has been placed in charge of a committee consisting of Professor Henry, General Hector Tyndall (his cousin), in Philadelphia, and Professor Youmans, of New York, and these gentlemen are authorized to expend it in aid of students who devote themselves to original investigation. A suggestion has been made, and one worthy of encouragement, that efforts be initiated to secure an increase of this fund to at least $50,000, the whole to bear the name of the Tyndall Fund, so that the objects of the professor may be carried out to a fuller extent.

We have already referred to the experiment of Mr. Charles G. Atkins, in reference to the propagation of salmon, and to the success which has attended these efforts. It will be remembered that this gentleman commenced purchasing living salmon at the time they first entered the Penobscot River, in June of 1872, and continued to do so until the close of their run, and placing them in a pond of some sixty acres, near Bucksport, detained them there until the true spawning season began. In this way he succeeded in obtaining over 600 mature fish, ranging from ten to twenty-five pounds in weight.

On their first introduction into the pond it was impossible to distinguish between the sexes, the males and females both being of a silvery color, and provided with short jaws. A very interesting change, however, took place in the males toward the end of October, the jaws lengthening, the upper being curved down, and the under one becoming provided with a vertical conical process, fitting into a hollow of the upper jaw. At the same time the skin assumed great brilliancy of tints, bright reddish spots developing all over the surface, and imparting a very handsome appearance to the fish.

The eggs were taken from the females before the end of November; and after being impregnated properly, were placed in Mr. Atkins's hatching house at Bucksport, to the number of nearly 1,400,000. They were kept at Bucksport until February, when they were sufficiently far advanced to permit their distribution. Mr. Atkins's operations having been prosecuted partly at the expense of the United States appropriation, and partly at that of several New England States, a division was made, and the share at the command of Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, was distributed among the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and placed in hatching houses in the several States, where the process of development will be completed, a period of four months usually elapsing between the first taking of the eggs and the emergence of the young from its envelope.

The salmon, after being treated at Mr. Atkins's establishment, were allowed to go to sea, care being taken to mark each with a tag, so that, if again taken, it might be identified. Although a passage-way was opened between the pond and the river, about 200 fish preferred to remain and spend the winter in the pond, and it was not until the early part of March that they began to leave, going down into the river, and thence, in all probability, into the sea. This fact is in accordance with one that has recently been established as characteristic of the American salmon—namely, their tendency to spend the winter in fresh-water ponds, and then return to the sea, coming back in a few months in good health and vigor.

Considerable interest has been excited by the announcement of the capture, by Seth Green, equally famous as fisherman and pisciculturist, of a huge fish in Chautauqua Lake, which the newspapers of the interior of New York find it difficult to classify. They describe it as six feet in length, and weighing 134 pounds, as having one back and three belly fins, a head of remarkable construction, a mouth opening far back, and wide enough to receive a nail cask. The inside of the mouth is said to be covered with a species of coarse hair, resembling the small feathers or down of an ostrich. Projecting from the upper jaw is a species of shovel blade, which it is thought must have been intended for throwing food into the mouth. As the fish has no teeth, it was supposed to subsist upon animalculæ or other substances floating in the water.

The notices proceed further to state that there is no fish described as belonging to the lakes at all resembling the one referred to; and what it is, and how it got into the lake, are questions extremely puzzling. But the solution of the mystery seems exceedingly simple. The fish is nothing more than the well-known paddle-fish of the Mississippi basin, or the *Polyodon folium* of naturalists—a near ally of the sturgeon, and a species of great interest, being much sought after by foreign museums on account of its zoological and paleontological relationships. It is, however, quite abundant in the Mississippi and Ohio, being sometimes captured in considerable numbers, though not very often of the size of Seth Green's specimen.

The occurrence of the fish in Chautauqua Lake is not particularly remarkable, as that is one of the sources of the Alleghany River, from which it could readily enter the lake.

Among the resolutions adopted by Congress at its last session was one authorizing the President to invite the International Statistical Congress to hold its next, or ninth, session in the United States. The invitation is to be formal and cordial, and it is provided that should this be accepted the President is authorized to appoint the usual organization commission, and to take the other preliminary and necessary steps for the meeting of this body, and for holding its session at such time as may be deemed expedient by the Statistical Congress. We believe these sessions are biennial, the last having been held during the summer of 1872 at St. Petersburg.

The observations of solar protuberances by Secchi for the latter half of 1872 have just been published, and form a very valuable contribution to what he styles "solar meteorology." The conclusions to which he has been led are thus epitomized:

1. The protuberances from August 13 to December 31, 1872, embracing five revolutions of the sun, have been less numerous than during the four preceding rotations, averaging respectively 159 and 261 per revolution.
2. There has been a corresponding diminution in the number of the spots.
3. The jets inclined in the direction of the reigning solar current have been less numerous, many being in an opposite direction.
4. The number of jets turned toward the poles has been 292, that of those turned toward the equator 89, while 46 had a double inclination. Of the number 89, the greater part were within thirty degrees of the solar equator. Beyond thirty degrees the jets were almost exclusively turned toward the poles, and it is remarkable that the direction of these is opposed to that of the lower portions of the chromosphere.

Secchi's conclusions regarding the connection between solar spots and protuberances are especially remarkable. After recounting the results to which he was led some years ago in regard to the regions rich in spots and protuberances, and in regard to the heavy metallic and the lighter gaseous jets, he proceeds to state that the metallic jets are those that are connected with the solar spots, and so intimate is this connection that whenever he detected the top of one as it came into sight above the eastern limb of the sun, he has been able to safely predict the approaching solar spot at its base. The gaseous or hydrogen jets are not capable of producing spots.

So familiar has Secchi become with the appearance of these phenomena that he is able, without the spectroscope, and by a simple examination of the physical appearance of the jets, to determine their nature. He finds in the recent observations of Professor Young a complete confirmation of his own view that the spectrum of the metallic protuberances is the spectrum of the interior of the solar spots, the lines being in the one case seen direct and bright, and in the other reversed and dark. On this principle Secchi founds his theory of the constitution and explanation of the phenomena of the solar spots, which are, in brief, according to him, but clouds of cooler metallic vapor pushed up through and floating above the solar photosphere. A more detailed explanation of his views is promised shortly.

The Newfoundland seal-fishermen are actively engaged in preparations for prosecuting their business on a large scale this season, although it is not likely that their profits will be equal to those of 1871. As early as the 25th of February a few seals had been killed, and a large increase in the number was daily expected. At the present time this business is carried on very largely, indeed almost entirely, by means of steamers, the largest of which is the *Neptune*, just arrived from Dundee, a vessel of 787 tons (builders' measurement), and bark-rigged. Her cost, including her equipment for the fisheries, was about $130,000; but should she succeed in getting a full cargo, she will, on her first trip, pay about fifty per cent. of her cost. A vessel generally occupies about five weeks in one voyage. The entire steam-sailing fleet sent out from St. Johns for the present year embraces twenty vessels, all of them built in the most substantial manner, expressly for encountering the ice, almost any one of which would be a capital vessel for arctic exploration. The total tonnage of this fleet amounts to 6000 tons, and the number of men employed to 3665.

As an illustration of what is meant by anthropology, in its widest sense, we give the classification of the subject as adopted by the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. Questions coming under the following heads are considered as proper for the inquiry of the society: 1. The physical history of man and the human race. 2. Psychology. 3. Comparative philology. 4. Priscan archæology: *a*. Prehistoric; *b*. Protohistoric. 5. Descriptive ethnography, comprising the reports of travelers and explorers on the physical characters, derivation and relation, manners, customs, religion, language, etc., of various races and nations. 6. Comparative ethnography. 7. The relations between civilized man and aboriginal savage peoples. In this programme it will be seen that any subject properly coming under the cognizance of the anthropologist may find a place.

The third and fourth annual report of the Geological Survey of the State of Indiana, for the years 1871 and 1872, has just been published by Professor E. T. Cox, State Geologist, and, like its predecessors, consists of a neat, compact volume, with an accompanying atlas of geological maps. The report opens with a general statement on the part of the director of the more interesting features of the geology of the entire State, especially as to the location and working of coal veins. This interest is of great importance in Indiana; and its rapid extension within a few years past, according to Professor Cox, may be traced largely to the discoveries and suggestions of the State Survey.

Reports of detailed explorations of several counties, as made by Professor Cox or his assistants, are given in the volume, followed by a preliminary examination of other portions of the State. Mr. Charles Boerner furnishes a paper on the meteorology of Switzerland County, Indiana, in which the peculiar features of its climatology are well expressed in a series of tables. The volume concludes by a paper upon the manufacture of specular iron, prepared by Mr. Hugh Hartmann, with special reference to the introduction of new and improved processes in working up the ores of the State.

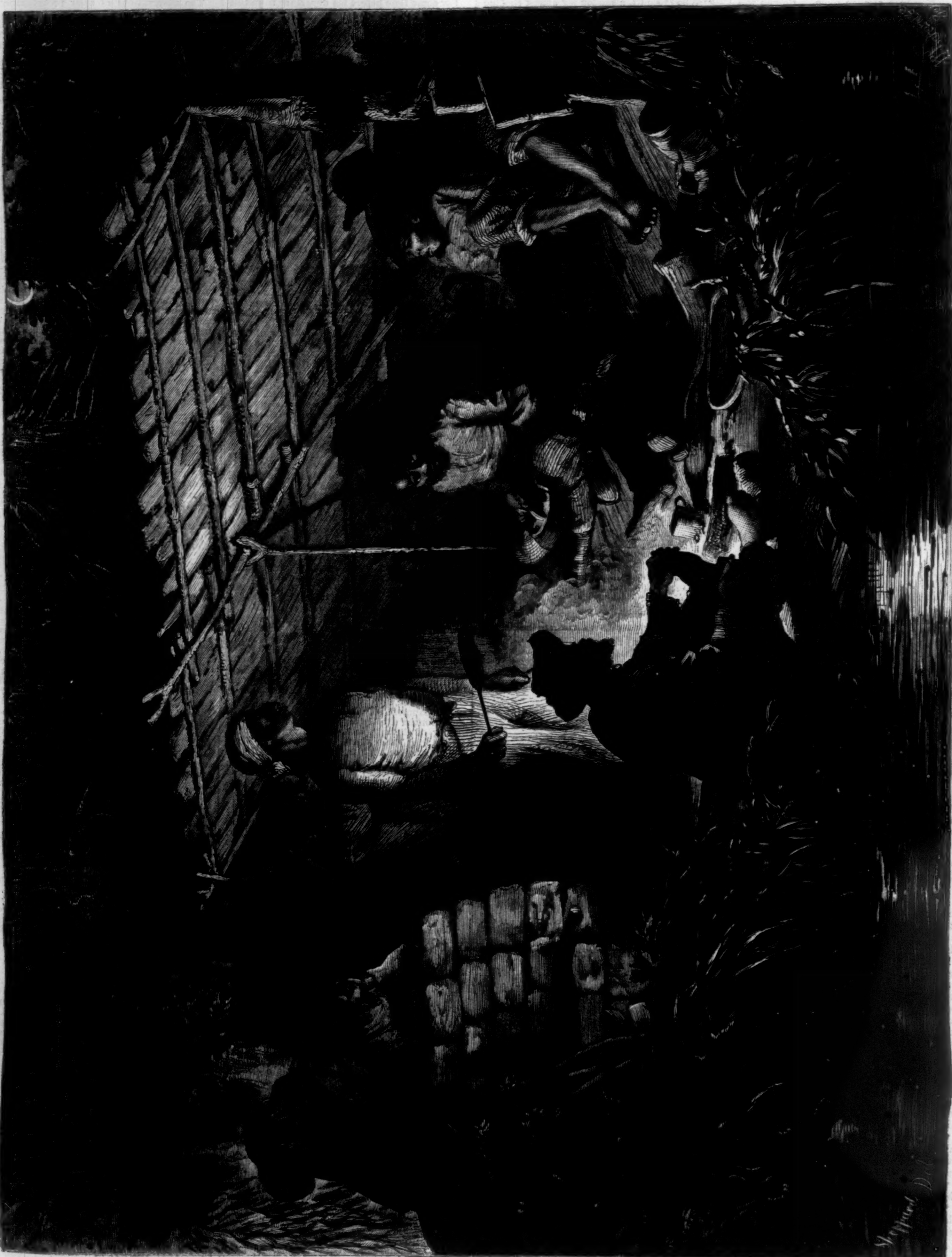
THE LOUISIANA MURDERS.

The official report of Colonels **William Wright** and **T. W. De Klyne**, of General **Longstreet**'s staff, who were sent to Grant Parish, Louisiana, to investigate the late massacre of colored people there, shows that the first reports of that atrocity were not exaggerated. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred colored men had been killed by the whites. The former had intrenched themselves about the court-house at Colfax, inclosing a space of about 200 yards square with a slight earth-work, with ditch inside. This ditch was from ten to eighteen inches in depth, and the breastwork in front of it from twenty to thirty inches in height, and was protected in front by two-and-a-half-inch planking. On the lower side of the court-house the greater portion of the breastwork was composed of planking alone, laid in zigzags, and without ditches. They were poorly armed, and had rigged up a couple of guns by fastening lengths of gas-pipe on rafter timbers, blocking up one end with a pine plug, and drilling a touch-hole. One of these was burst while trying it, some days before the fight, and the other has not the appearance of having been used. The attacking party had in their possession a small cannon, taken from a steamboat in the river, with which they bombarded the court-house.

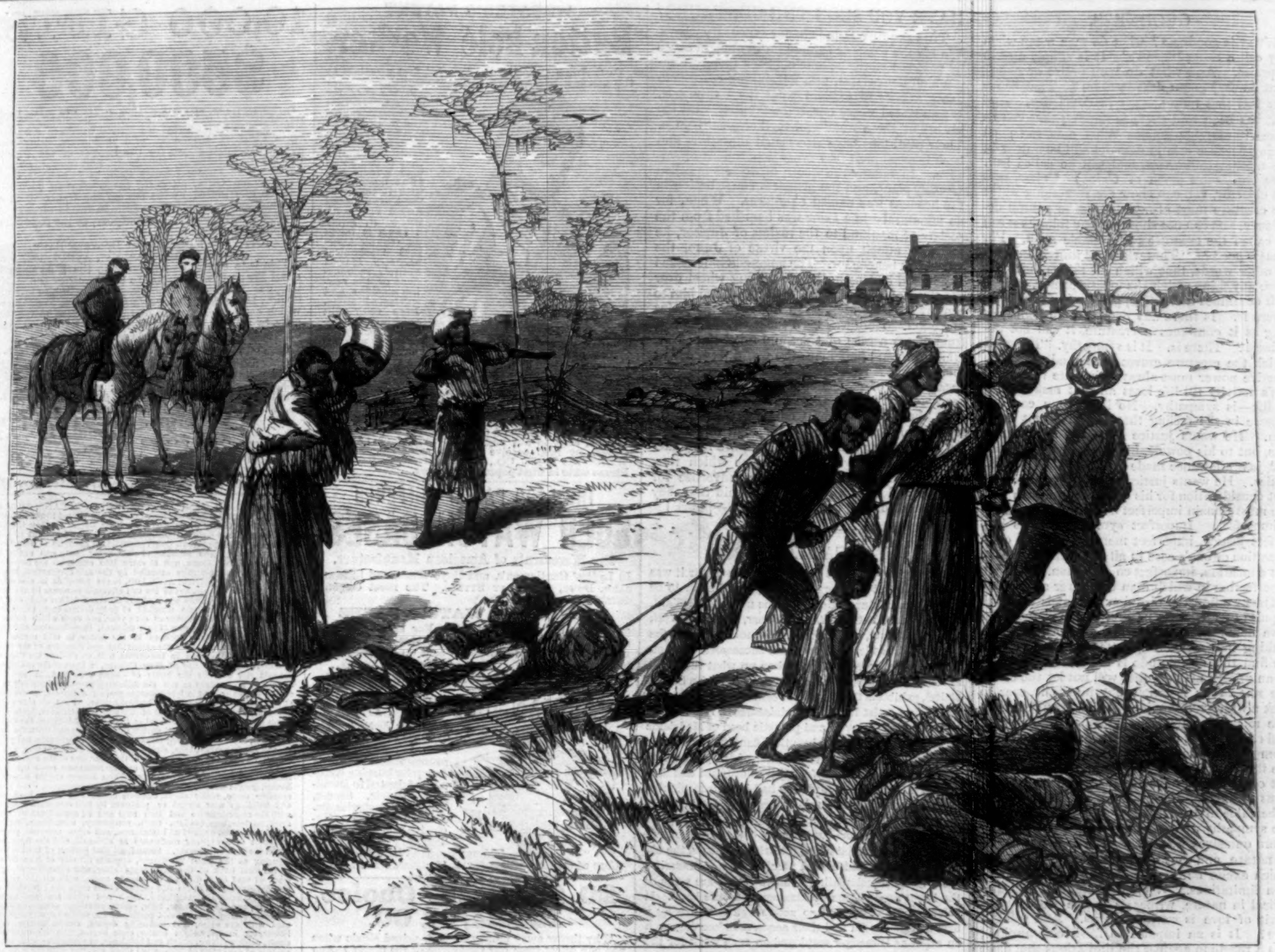
During the fight the negroes were driven from their breastworks into the court-house, one end of which was without windows, nor had the besieged prepared loop-holes. The leader of the whites, a man named **Nash**, caused the court-house to be fired, and the negroes "were shot down like dogs" as they fled from the burning building. The report, describing the atrocities of the massacre, says:

> "Many were shot in the back of the head and neck. One man still lay with his hands clasped in supplication; the face of another was completely flattened by blows from a broken stock of a double-barreled gun, lying on the ground near him; another had been cut across the stomach with a knife after being shot; and almost all had from three to a dozen wounds. Many of them had their brains literally blown out. It is asserted by the colored people that after the fight thirty-four prisoners who were taken before the burning of the court-house were taken to the river-bank two by two, executed, and hurled into the river. We caused to be buried in the ditch near the ruins of the court-house the remains of fifty-four colored men, three of whom were so badly burned as to be unrecognizable. There were inside the court-house the charred bones of one other, and five bodies we gave to their friends for interment elsewhere. We saw also twelve wounded colored men, two of whom will certainly die, and others of whom are very unlikely to recover. We are informed that since the fight parties of armed men have been scouring the country surrounding Colfax, taking the mules and other property of the colored people."

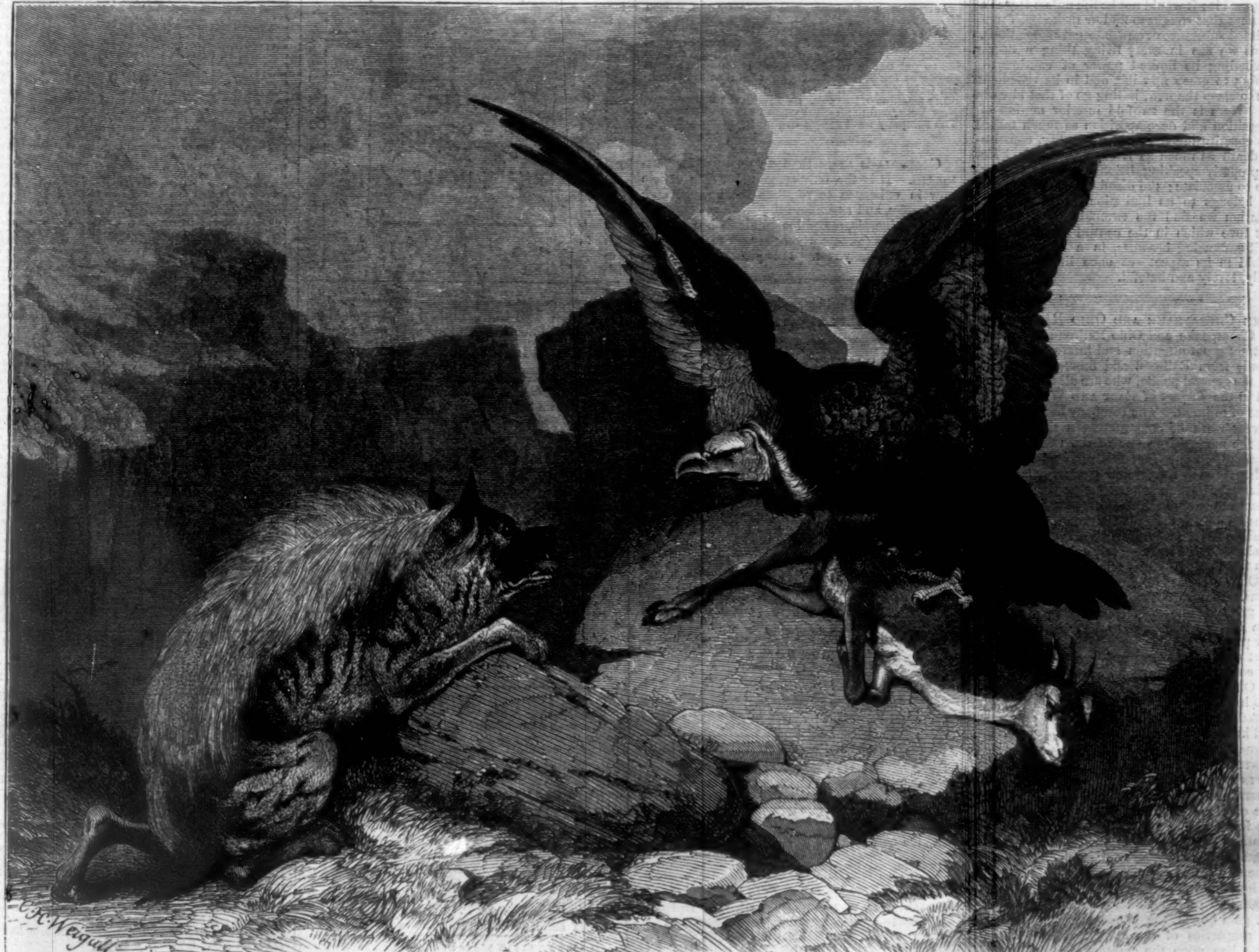
Near the court-house the commissioners met a party of colored men and women carrying away a wounded colored man upon a sled. At a little distance in the field were the dead bodies of two colored men. About two hundred yards nearer the court-house were three dead bodies of colored men, and from that point to the court-house and its vicinity the ground was thickly strewn with dead. A general feeling of insecurity prevails among the colored people of Louisiana, and hundreds are seeking safety in the swamps and forests.



NEGROES HIDING IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.



THE LOUISIANA MURDERS—GATHERING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.—[See Page 396.]



THE DISPUTED PRIZE.—[See Poem on Page 395.]

GOODNESS.

WHAT is goodness? what do men mean when they call a thing "good?" It is simply a term of praise. And what do men praise or prize? what do they count dear to them? That which they feel that they possess in deficiency. And so it has been said there is nothing that can be called immutably good. What men call good to-day because it is in demand will be a drug in the market to-morrow, and will be called bad. (See Emerson's poem of *Uriel.*) Unless, says the objector, you can show me something which the creature must always possess in painful deficiency, you can not show me any thing that can be called the creature's immutable good. For what is good? "That which all things aim at;" in other words, that which all things lack. Is there any thing which the creature must, as long as it continues a creature, possess in deficiency? There is. Is there any deficiency in which, as long as it continues a creature, it can not acquiesce? There is. It is sympathy. The good which the creature craves—the good whose attractive power must always stimulate the creature's activity till life loses all that makes it to be life—is sympathy. No living man can acquiesce in the feeling that justice is not done him. He wants justice done not only to his acts, but to his powers, his intentions, his good-will, just allowance made for his trials, his difficulties. He wants justice done to his abilities; just consideration for his sorrows: and such justice must remain imperfect as long as sympathy is imperfect. Imperfect sympathy means imperfect justice, imperfect mercy, imperfect consideration of one's case in all its bearings, imperfect education, imperfect co-operation. It is an imperfection in which man can never acquiesce.

Thus we find the disquietude that is the vital impulse of all living nature, and that seems to have made all living forms, at work in man, making him something better than man; and we find this disquietude is the attractive power of an unseen magnet, that will not let the creature rest in its isolation, but impels it ever to seek a wider communion. If life is an irrepressible movement toward sympathy, co-operation, and communion, one thing is clear—it must start from an unendurable isolation. The state of life that is ours, and still more the state of life out of which we have risen, must present itself to us as unendurably isolated, and it must seem unbearable to us to feel that we are shut out from the sympathy we crave, and we can not but condemn ourselves when we feel that we are a part of nature, and that the limitations of sympathy which excite our indignation in others are our own limitations. What we hate, and call diabolical in nature, witnesses to the truth that a spirit of love is working in us. And what is love? It is an impulse to fresh communion; it is a rebellion against the limitations that close us in. It would not be love unless it was an impulse that rebelled against the limitations that imprisoned it; it would not be life unless it was a movement that sought to find or make itself new associated substance or new external associations.

Thus we see in every living thing a desire transcending its limited power of continence, straining to grasp new life, and in its vehement effort to clasp the new, letting go of that already held. Here is the twofold interior motion of composition and decomposition so much talked of as constituting life; but, in reality, constituting death as much as it constitutes life. For life, properly speaking, belongs only to the impulse to associate; the dismissal of that already held belongs to its limitation. Owing to this limitation we find the twofold aspect of life. That love which in the central mind we view as all-embracing becomes, in a limited being, twofold in its aspect—at once life-giving and deadly, lovely and hateful.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is destined to attract great attention and interest this year, not only from Railroad and financial men, but from the general public, who are all deeply interested in the subject of EAST AND WEST TRUNK LINES of railroad. The company has completed its great work of constructing a through line from the nagivable waters of the Ohio River to Richmond, on the James River, and has been running through freight and passenger trains on regular schedules for some time past. It is now proposed to extend the road eastwardly to a terminus on deep water near the mouth of the York or James Rivers, where the largest steamers can lay alongside of its wharves, and load directly from the cars. A bridge will also be built across the Ohio River at Huntington; the western terminus. In a word, the company having finished the great enterprise of constructing a railroad from Atlantic tide water to the Ohio River, will now put the finishing touches on its work by a short extension to one of the finest harbors on the coast, by adding to its equipment, bridging the Ohio and perfecting its western connections. It is hardly necessary to refer to the parties connected with this enterprise, as many of them are well known among our leading merchants and railroad men, embracing the names of Mr. C. P. HUNTINGTON, Mr. A. A. LOW, Mr. W. H. ASPINWALL, Mr. DAVID STEWART, and others. Messrs. FISK & HATCH, the financial agents, have obtained a reputation for exercising great care in regard to the securities which they negotiate, and the Central Pacific, Western Pacific, and first mortgage gold sixes of the Chesapeake and Ohio, which have been sold by them, are held in high estimation. They now offer $3,000,000 of the Chesapeake and Ohio 7 per cent. gold bonds, the bonds being based on the new properties of the company, as well as a second lien upon the completed main line, the particulars of which will be found by referring to the advertisement.—*Financial Chronicle.*

HAVE YOU SEEN THE CENTAURS?

THIS INQUIRY sounds in our ears every where. We see the Centaur painted on the fences as we fly past the stations; our children picture Centaurs on their slates, and unthinking correspondents ask us to explain what the Centaur is. We supposed every one to be familiar with the history of those wonderful mythological beings. Their traditions have permeated literature, and been incorporated into every department of science. In botany the queen of flowers is called *Century* plant, and the grandest constellation in the heavens was named *Centaurus.* When, for an unnatural crime Ixion was banished from the society of mankind to the realms of Jupiter, he made an attack upon the virtue of Juno, the wife of his benefactor. The angered Gods seized and bound him upon the everlasting wheel over the abyss of Tartarus, and then compelled him to consort with the Magnesian mares on the plains of Pelion. Here was born the giant Centaurus, from whom a race of Centaurs filled the earth. Half horse and half man, the world trembled at their daring. Esculapius, one of their students, became god of medicine. Professor Naoni recently discovered a Greek manuscript, dating from the period of the Centaurs, containing a remarkable healing recipe for man and beast. An enterprising firm in New York are manufacturing a liniment from this recipe which they felicitously call Centaur. They advertise for cripples and warrant cures. It is said that they perform according to advertisement.—[*Com.*]

CAMEOS.

ONE of the "lost arts" of modern times (for it was a living art but a generation back) would seem to be the art of miniature-painting. The names of Hilliard, Zincke, Lens, Petitot, Saint, Cooper, Hone, Di Veri, Isabey, Malbone, are known to connoisseurs, but the photograph has left them without successors. Sculpture, however, seems to have taken up what the sister art has lost. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), exhibit in their exquisite cameos from the atelier of the first artist in Europe miniatures in relief of the rarest merit. A lovely and pathetic head of Madeleine of France, the delicately beautiful daughter of Francis the First, whom the Scottish father of Mary Stuart insisted upon taking to wife, but who drooped and died within a few months after she had been transplanted from the sunshine of Fontainebleau to "the gray metropolis of the North; a most speaking portrait of Anne of Austria, the dangerously charming Queen of the morose and uninteresting thirteenth Louis, the object of Buckingham's mad passion, and of Mazarin's more cool and calculating homage—these are some of the latest productions of Bissenger's fertile hand. It is of good augury that so active and enterprising a firm as this should find their account in keeping such an artist as Bissenger employed on such work for the public of New York.—[*Com.*]

ASTONISHING.—The progress made by the Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine. Inventive skill has been taxed to its utmost, and the result is the most perfect and desirable machine for general and family use yet produced. It is simple and easy to operate, is not liable to get out of repair, its work is the best, as was shown by the first premiums awarded it at the Northern Ohio Fair, and it is sold at a less price than any other machine of its rank. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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FURNITURE, Spring Styles. New goods and cheap. G. L. KELTY & Co., 724 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

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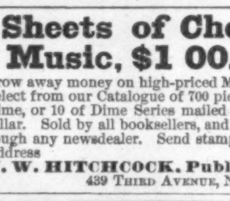
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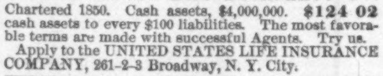

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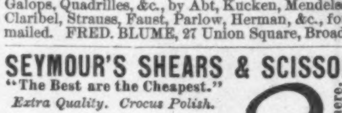

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SALE BY AUCTION OF THE NEW ORLEANS, MOBILE and Texas Railroad—Circuit Court of the United States, District of Louisiana—Henry J. Gardner and Peter Butler vs. New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad Company—No. 6,958.—Pursuant to a decree rendered in the Circuit Court aforesaid, at the term of said Court commencing the first Monday of November last, and under the authority of said Court, and to carry into execution the terms of a deed of trust or mortgage executed by the said corporation, bearing date on the 8th of March, A. D. 1869, to the plaintiffs in said cause, and filed in the proceedings of the suit aforesaid to secure by the terms of the same four thousand bonds of one thousand dollars each, of a uniform series, with coupons attached of forty dollars each, payable the first day of April and October of each year, and upon which mortgage or deed there is due the sum of four millions, three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, as declared in the decree in said cause. The undersigned trustees, under the supervision and direction of the undersigned masters appointed in the decree, will, on Friday, the sixth day of June, 1873, in the city of New Orleans, in front of the postoffice of the said city between the hours of eleven o'clock A. M. and three o'clock P. M., proceed to sell the following property described in the said mortgage or deed in four separate parcels, as hereinafter described, at public auction for cash to the highest bidder. First, all that portion of the main line of the railroad of the said New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad Company, located or to be located between the cities of New Orleans and Mobile, and within the said cities and upon the lands, buildings, machinery, rolling stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights and privileges pertaining and exclusively belonging to said portion of the main line of the said railroad, and separately used with the same and branches and roads connecting thereunto, including all the depots, station houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, storehouses, wharves, warehouses, wood houses, machine shops, repair shops, business offices and other shops, offices and buildings now owned or possessed by said corporation, together with the superstructure and iron rails and its appurtenances, rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, machinery, steamboats, tugboats, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, and other personal property and stock in connecting roads used as aforesaid, and the ferry rights across the Mississippi river. Second, all that portion of the road commencing at the point Westwego, opposite the city of New Orleans, on the west bank of the Mississippi river, and extending along the track of road for a distance of seventy miles, with all the rights of the said corporation in the said portion of the main line; together with the lands, buildings, machinery, stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights, privileges pertaining add exclusively belonging to the said portion of the said road, and separately used with the same, and including depots, station houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, store houses, wharves, warehouses, sheds, machine shops, offices and buildings, in connection with the said portion of road west of Mississippi river, together with the superstructure, iron rails and appurtenances; also, the rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, steamboats, machinery, and other boats and vessels, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, fuel, materials and other personal property appertaining to and used with the constructing, repairing or carrying on the business of this portion of the road separately and exclusively. Third, all that portion of the main line of said road, located or to be located from the point on the road seventy miles from Westwego, and extending westerly through the State of Louisiana to the Sabine river, with all the lands, buildings, rights of way, superstructions, franchises, tolls, privileges, depots, stations, or other rights of way of the said corporation, or which may be held or conveyed by the said trustees or under this decree with the connecting roads, either located or surveyed or to be located and surveyed, in the State of Louisiana, and which appertains to the said road or connecting roads or branch roads of that portion of the said road within the said State. Fourth, all of the road from the Sabine river to the city of Houston, in the State of Texas, with all the lands, right of way, superstructions, buildings, depots, stations, station houses, shops, rolling stock, machinery, materials, appertaining or belonging to the line of road from the Sabine river aforesaid to the city of Houston and exclusively belonging to the same, and any other real and personal property, franchises, rights of way, tolls, grants of privileges not herein described, and which are included in the said deed, and it is to be understood that the sale under this deed of trust and the decree herein mentioned is to be subject to a deed of trust bearing date the first day of January, 1869, by the said corporation to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, trustees, which affects that portion of the said road and property before mentioned, lying within the cities of New Orleans and Mobile and between the said cities, and is not to impair in any manner the incumbrance aforesaid or the rights under the said deed. The said mortgage or deed to said parties being made to secure a uniform series of bonds of four thousand in number, and each for one thousand dollars, with interest coupons attached of forty dollars each, payable semi-annually on the 1st of January and July of each year, and bearing even date with the mortgage, and which is referred to in the said mortgage or deed of trust to the plaintiff in this suit. And it is further understood that the property included in the second and third or other parcels above described being the property lying westerly of the city of New Orleans and the Mississippi river, in the States of Louisiana and Texas, shall be subject to the mortgages or deeds of trust executed by the said corporation under the power reserved in the deed mortgage of trust described in the proceedings in this cause to issue bonds to an amount in the aggregate not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars per mile for each mile of the railroad or railroads constructed west of the Mississippi river, which power has been executed by the said corporation by the execution of a mortgage executed to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, dated the 15th day of March, 1870, whereby an issue of bonds to the amount of twelve thousand five hundred dollars per mile was provided for upon all the tract of road in the State of Louisiana, and the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for all of the track west of the Louisiana line and lying in the State of Texas, which mortgage was modified by an act of mortgage dated 1st January, 1872, but does not increase the amount of the incumbrances; and also a further mortgage, bearing date 1st July, 1870, securing the payment of the second mortgage bonds guaranteed by the State of Louisiana, and which mortgage is an incumbrance on the railroad of said corporation to the west of the Mississippi river and extending to the Sabine river, and all other mortgages existing under said power. There will be prepared twenty days before the day of sale an inventory of the property to be sold in the different parcels, and copies of the mortgages will be in the hands of the Masters for exhibition to any person desiring to purchase. The power to the trustees to bid for the bondholders is reserved in the decree. The Trustees and the Masters will give information of the matter entrusted to them prior to the sale.

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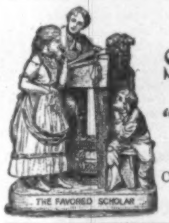

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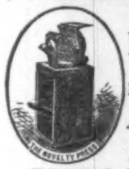

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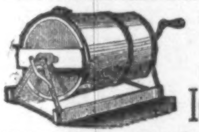

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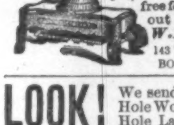

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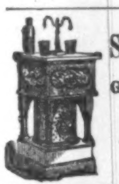

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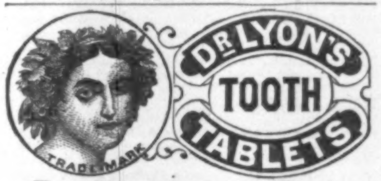

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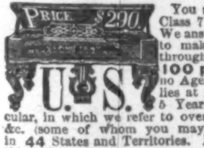

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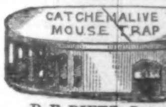

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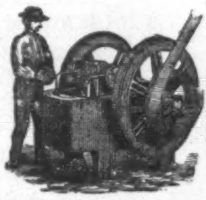

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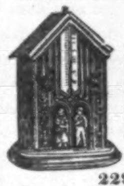

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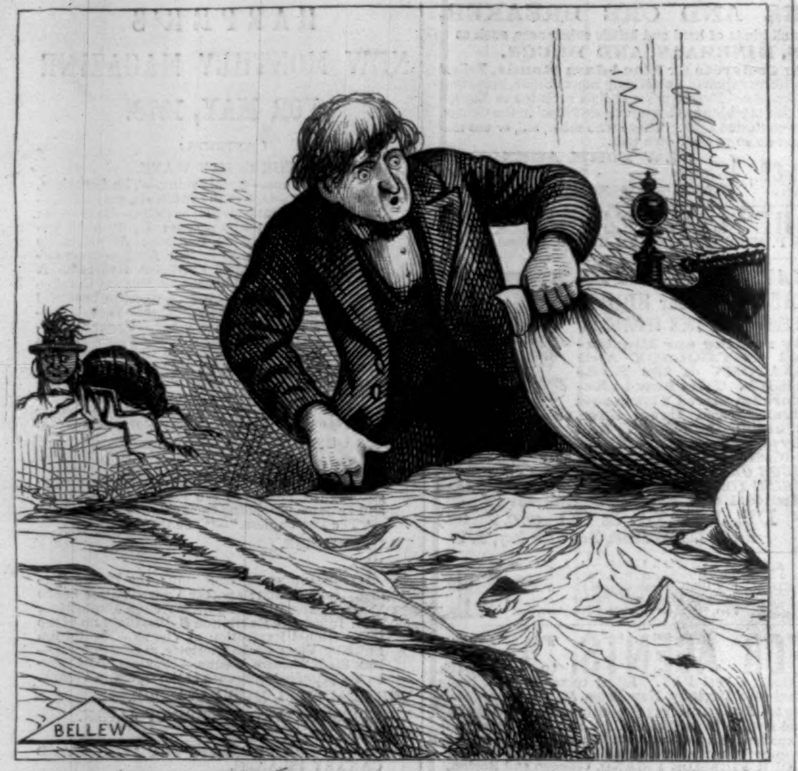

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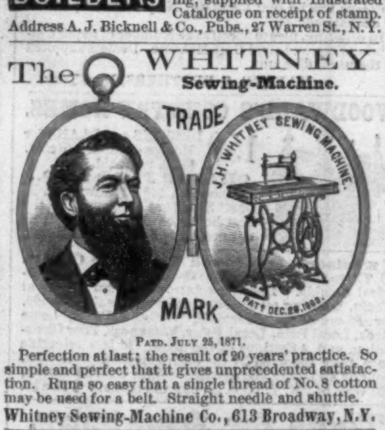
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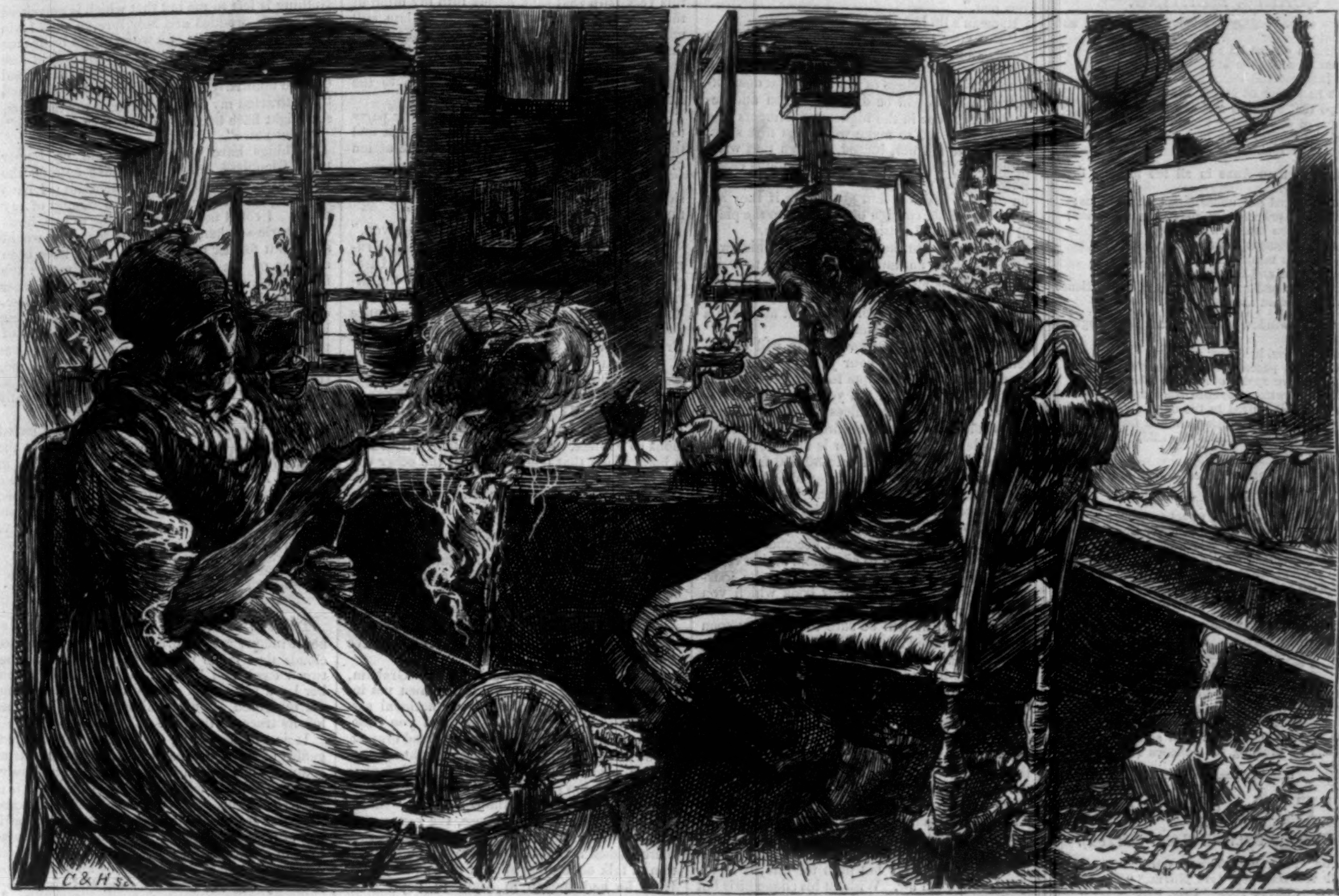

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In the quaint little Bavarian village of Mittenwald nearly 8000 violins are made every year for export to all parts of the world. The manufacture has flourished there for the last 200 years. The inhabitants work in their own homes, as will be seen by the sketch. The workmen are about 200 in number, and receive very scanty pay for their labor. As short a time back as eighty years the only agent they had was an old man who went about from place to place with a box on his back containing specimens of their work. Most of them only do the fiddle-work in winter, as they are generally occupied in the summer in getting in their little bit of corn, hay, etc. A boy can learn the trade without any pecuniary assistance on the part of his parents, as the Bavarian government started a school for violin-making some years ago. There is also a drawing-school and a music-school, free to all who choose to join. They make some wonderful imitations of violins, such as those of Antonius Straduarius, Cremona, "faciebat Anno 16—;" Giuseppe Guarnerius, "✠ fecit Cremona, 16—, I.H.S.;" Nicolaus Amalus Cremonien, Hieronimy. fili Antoni 16, and many more. These are sold in Mittenwald as imitations, but are often passed off by others as originals. All kinds of stringed instruments are made in this romantic village.

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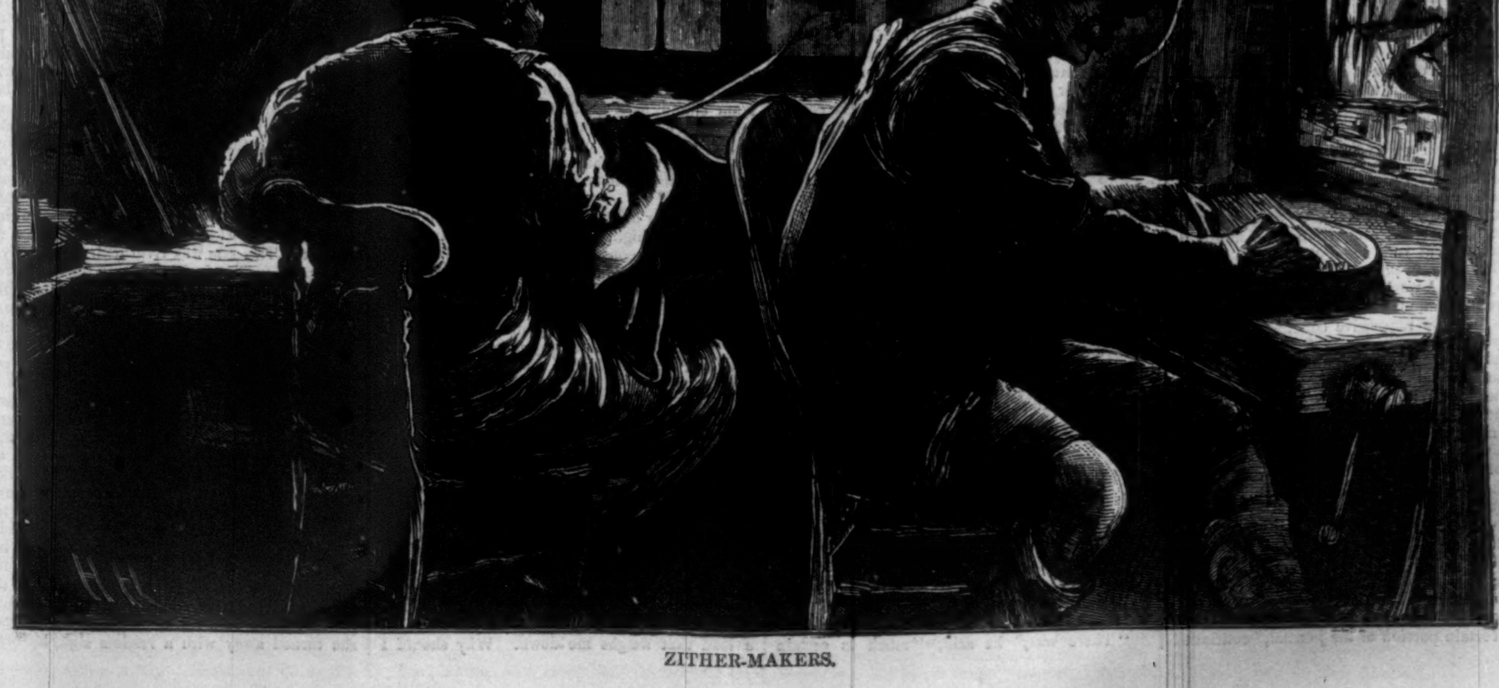

ZITHER-MAKERS.

QUAKER MEETING.

UNDER the color of gray the colors of crimson and of gold—
The crimson of cheeks so round and fair,
The gold of a shower of shining hair;
Under the gray the violet hue
Of eyes as tender as bright and true,
And lips that smile in a shy, sweet way
That makes one wonder what they would say—
And clad the slender form in a gown without grace of ruffle or fold.

Fairer maiden than Anne in all the meeting there was not one.
The men looked out under broad white brims;
They read no prayer-book, they sang no hymns;
And the women mused with a holy air,
Each silent moment laden with prayer;
And up in the minister's seat were two—
Martha Bennet and Patience True:
Martha gracious and ruddy and strong, and Patience saintly and cold as a nun.

Into the open window the roses sent their fragrant breath.
In bird and bee, in flower and dew,
In the solemn peace of this chosen few,
Our Lord's love spoke, our Lord's face shone:
This hour of witness seemed His alone.
The wings that stirred in the outer air—
Were they those of angels pure and fair?
Then uprose Patience, and slowly said, "The wages of sin is death."

Grimly she stood, and chanted only those chilling words, no other:
Into her face from the people's eyes
There flashed no token of sweet surprise:
The lips were drawn that had never known
A kiss that was given for love alone;
And Patience sighed as she sat her down,
Though no one heard it, "No cross, no crown;"
While Martha, the matron, softly rose and said, "Little children, love one another."

Under the color of gray the color of crimson deeper grew;
And winsome Anne looked over where
Sat young Friend Amos, his nut-brown hair
Curling under his beaver brim;
And the little Quakeress smiled at him,
Till, meeting his gaze, her lashes fell,
As she gave her hand for the Friends' "farewell;"
And she beamed on Martha with shining eyes, but she had no greeting for Patience True.

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BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER VII.

LEFT alone with Gustave Rameau, the president of the Secret Council remained silently musing for some moments; but his countenance was no longer moody and overcast—his nostrils were dilated, as in triumph—there was a half smile of pride on his lips. Rameau watched him curiously and admiringly. The young man had the impressionable, excitable temperament common to Parisian genius—especially when it nourishes itself on absinthe. He enjoyed the romance of belonging to a secret society; he was acute enough to recognize the sagacity by which this small conclave was kept out of those crazed combinations for impracticable theories more likely to lead adventurers to the Tarpeian Rock than to the Capitol, while yet those crazed combinations might, in some critical moment, become strong instruments in the hands of practical ambition. Lebeau fascinated him, and took colossal proportions in his intoxicated vision—vision indeed intoxicated at this moment, for before it floated the realized image of his aspirations—a journal of which he was to be the editor-in-chief—in which his poetry, his prose, should occupy space as large as he pleased—through which his name, hitherto scarce known beyond a literary clique, would resound in *salon* and club and *café*, and become a familiar music on the lips of fashion. And he owed this to the man seated there—a prodigious man!

"*Cher poëte*," said Lebeau, breaking silence, "it gives me no mean pleasure to think I am opening a career to one whose talents fit him for those goals on which they who reach write names that posterity shall read. Struck with certain articles of yours in the journal made celebrated by the wit and gayety of Savarin, I took pains privately to inquire into your birth, your history, connections, antecedents. All confirmed my first impression, that you were exactly the writer I wish to secure to our cause. I therefore sought you in your rooms, unintroduced and a stranger, in order to express my admiration of your compositions. *Bref*, we soon became friends; and after comparing minds I admitted you, at your request, into this Secret Council. Now, in proposing to you the conduct of the journal I would establish, for which I am prepared to find all necessary funds, I am compelled to make imperative conditions. Nominally you will be editor-in-chief: that station, if the journal succeeds, will secure you position and fortune; if it fail, you fail with it. But we will not speak of failure; I must have it succeed. Our interest, then, is the same. Before that interest all puerile vanities fade away. Nominally, I say, you are editor-in-chief; but all the real work of editing will at first be done by others."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rameau, aghast and stunned.

Lebeau resumed:

"To establish the journal I propose needs more than the genius of youth; it needs the tact and experience of mature years."

Rameau sank back on his chair with a sullen sneer on his pale lips. Decidedly Lebeau was not so great a man as he had thought.

"A certain portion of the journal," continued Lebeau, "will be exclusively appropriated to your pen."

Rameau's lip lost the sneer.

"But your pen must be therein restricted to compositions of pure fancy, disporting in a world that does not exist; or, if on graver themes connected with the beings of the world that does exist, the subjects will be dictated to you and revised. Yet even in the higher departments of a journal intended to make way at its first start, we need the aid not, indeed, of men that write better than you, but of men whose fame is established—whose writings, good or bad, the public run to read, and will find good even if they are bad. You must consign one column to the playful comments and witticisms of Savarin."

"Savarin? But he has a journal of his own. He will not, as an author, condescend to write in one just set up by me. And as a politician, he as certainly will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. If he care for politics at all, he is a constitutionalist, an Orleanist."

"*Enfant!* as an author Savarin will condescend to contribute to your journal, firstly, because it in no way attempts to interfere with his own; secondly—I can tell you a secret—Savarin's journal no longer suffices for his existence; he has sold more than two-thirds of its property; he is in debt, and his creditor is urgent; and to-morrow you will offer Savarin 30,000 francs for one column from his pen, and signed by his name, for two months from the day the journal starts. He will accept, partly because the sum will clear off the debt that hampers him, partly because he will take care that the amount becomes known; and that will help him to command higher terms for the sale of the remaining shares in the journal he now edits, for the new book which you told me he intended to write, and for the new journal which he will be sure to set up as soon as he has disposed of the old one. You say that, as a politician, Savarin, an Orleanist, will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. Who asks him to do so? Did I not imply at the meeting that we commence our journal with politics the mildest? Though revolutions are not made with rose-water, it is rose-water that nourishes their roots. The polite cynicism of authors, read by those who float on the surface of society, prepares the way for the social ferment in its deeps. Had there been no Voltaire, there would have been no Camille Desmoulins. Had there been no Diderot, there would have been no Marat. We start as polite cynics. Of all cynics Savarin is the politest. But when I bid high for him, it is his clique that I bid for. Without his clique he is but a wit; with his clique, a power. Partly out of that clique, partly out of a circle beyond it, which Savarin can more or less influence, I select ten. Here is the list of them; study it. *Entre nous*, I esteem their writings as little as I do artificial flies; but they are the artificial flies at which, in this particular season of the year, the public rise. You must procure at least five of the ten; and I leave you *carte blanche* as to the terms. Savarin gained, the best of them will be proud of being his associates. Observe, none of these *messieurs* of brilliant imagination are to write political articles; those will be furnished to you anonymously, and inserted without erasure or omission. When you have secured Savarin, and five at least of the *collaborateurs* in the list, write to me at my office. I give you four days to do this; and the day the journal starts you enter into the income of 15,000 francs a year, with a rise in salary proportioned to profits. Are you contented with the terms?"

"Of course I am; but supposing I do not gain the aid of Savarin, or five at least of the list you give, which I see at a glance contains names the most *à la mode* in this kind of writing, more than one of them of high social rank, whom it is difficult for me even to approach—if, I say, I fail?"

"What! with a *carte blanche* of terms? fie! Are you a Parisian? Well, to answer you frankly, if you fail in so easy a task you are not the man to edit our journal, and I shall find another. *Allez, courage!* Take my advice; see Savarin the first thing to-morrow morning. Of course my name and calling you will keep a profound secret from him as from all. Say as mysteriously as you can that parties you are forbidden to name instruct you to treat with M. Savarin, and offer him the terms I have specified, the 30,000 francs paid to him in advance the moment he signs the simple memorandum of agreement. The more mysterious you are, the more you will impose—that is, wherever you offer money and don't ask for it."

Here Lebeau took up his hat, and with a courteous nod of adieu, lightly descended the gloomy stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT night, after this final interview with Lebeau, Graham took leave for good of his lodgings in Montmartre, and returned to his apartment in the Rue d'Anjou. He spent several hours of the next morning in answering numerous letters accumulated during his absence. Late in the afternoon he had an interview with M. Renard, who, as at that season of the year he was not overbusied with other affairs, engaged to obtain leave to place his services at Graham's command during the time requisite for inquiries at Aix, and to be in readiness to start the next day. Graham then went forth to pay one or two farewell visits, and these over, bent his way through the Champs Elysées toward Isaura's villa, when he suddenly encountered Rochebriant on horseback. The Marquis courteously dismounted, committing his horse to the care of the groom, and linking his arm in Graham's, expressed his pleasure at seeing him again; then, with some visible hesitation and embarrassment, he turned the conversation toward the political aspect of France.

"There was," he said, "much in certain words of yours when we last walked together in this very path that sank deeply into my mind at the time, and over which I have of late still more earnestly reflected. You spoke of the duties a Frenchman owed to France, and the 'impolicy' of remaining aloof from all public employment on the part of those attached to the Legitimist cause."

"True, it can not be the policy of any party to forget that between the irrevocable past and the uncertain future there intervenes the action of the present time."

"Should you, as an impartial by-stander, consider it dishonorable in me if I entered the military service under the ruling sovereign?"

"Certainly not, if your country needed you."

"And it may, may it not? I hear vague rumors of coming war in almost every *salon* I frequent. There has been gunpowder in the atmosphere we breathe ever since the battle of Sadowa. What think you of German arrogance and ambition? Will they suffer the swords of France to rust in their scabbards?"

"My dear Marquis, I should incline to put the question otherwise. Will the jealous *amour propre* of France permit the swords of Germany to remain sheathed? But in either case no politician can see without grave apprehension two nations so warlike, close to each other, divided by a border-land that one covets and the other will not yield, each armed to the teeth; the one resolved to brook no rival, the other equally determined to resist all aggression. And therefore, as you say, war is in the atmosphere; and we may also hear, in the clouds that give no sign of dispersion, the growl of the gathering thunder. War may come any day; and if France be not at once the victor—"

"France not at once the victor!" interrupted Alain, passionately; "and against a Prussian! Permit me to say no Frenchman can believe that."

"Let no man despise a foe," said Graham, smiling half sadly. "However, I must not incur the danger of wounding your national susceptibilities. To return to the point you raise. If France needed the aid of her best and bravest, a true descendant of Henri Quatre ought to blush for his ancient *noblesse* were a Rochebriant to say, 'But I don't like the color of the flag.'"

"Thank you," said Alain, simply; "that is enough." There was a pause, the young men walking on slowly, arm in arm. And then there flashed across Graham's mind the recollection of talk on another subject in that very path. Here he had spoken to Alain in deprecation of any possible alliance with Isaura Cicogna, the destined actress and public singer. His cheek flushed; his heart smote him. What! had he spoken slightingly of her—of *her?* What—if she became his own wife? What! had he himself failed in the respect which he would demand as her right from the loftiest of his high-born kindred? What, too, would this man, of fairer youth than himself, think of that disparaging counsel, when he heard that the monitor had won the prize from which he had warned another? Would it not seem that he had but spoken in the mean cunning dictated by the fear of a worthier rival? Stung by these thoughts, he arrested his steps, and, looking the Marquis full in the face, said, "You remind me of one subject in our talk many weeks since; it is my duty to remind you of another. At that time you, and, speaking frankly, I myself, acknowledged the charm in the face of a young Italian lady. I told you then that, on learning she was intended for the stage, the charm for me had vanished. I said, bluntly, that it should vanish perhaps still more utterly for a noble of your illustrious name; you remember?"

"Yes," answered Alain, hesitatingly, and with a look of surprise.

"I wish now to retract all I said thereon. Mademoiselle Cicogna is not bent on the profession for which she was educated. She would willingly renounce all idea of entering it. The only counter-weight which, viewed whether by my reason or my prejudices, could be placed in the opposite scale to that of the excellences which might make any man proud to win her, is withdrawn. I have become acquainted with her since the date of our conversation. Hers is a mind which harmonizes with the loveliness of her face. In one word, Marquis, I should deem myself honored, as well as blessed, by such a bride. It was due to her that I should say this; it was due also to you, in case you retain the impression I sought in ignorance to efface. And I am bound, as a gentleman, to obey this two-fold duty, even though in so doing I bring upon myself the affliction of a candidate for the hand to which I would fain myself aspire—a candidate with pretensions in every way far superior to my own."

An older or a more cynical man than Alain de Rochebriant might well have found something suspicious in a confession thus singularly volunteered; but the Marquis was himself so loyal that he had no doubt of the loyalty of Graham.

"I reply to you," he said, "with a frankness which finds an example in your own. The first fair face which attracted my fancy since my arrival at Paris was that of the Italian *demoiselle* of whom you speak in terms of such respect. I do think if I had then been thrown into her society, and found her to be such as you no doubt truthfully describe, that fancy might have become a very grave emotion. I was then so poor, so friendless, so despondent. Your words of warning impressed me at the time, but less durably than you might suppose; for that very night, as I sat in my solitary attic, I said to myself: 'Why should I shrink, with an obsolete old-world prejudice, from what my forefathers would have termed a *mésalliance?* What is the value of my birthright now? None—worse than none. It excludes me from all careers; my name is but a load that weighs me down. Why should I make that name a curse as well as a burden? Nothing is left to me but that which is permitted to all men—wedded and holy love. Could I win to my heart the smile of a woman who brings me that dower, the home of my fathers would lose its gloom.' And therefore, if at that time I had become familiarly acquainted with her who had thus attracted my eye and engaged my thoughts, she might have become my destiny; but now!"

"But now?"

"Things have changed. I am no longer poor, friendless, solitary. I have entered the world of my equals as a Rochebriant; I have made myself responsible for the dignity of my name. I could not give that name to one, however peerless in herself, of whom the world would say, 'But for her marriage she would have been a singer on the stage!' I will own more: the fancy I conceived for the first fair face other fair faces have dispelled. At this moment, however, I have no thought of marriage; and having known the anguish of struggle, the privations of poverty, I would ask no woman to share the hazard of my return to them. You might present me, then, safely to this beautiful Italian—certain, indeed, that I should be her admirer, equally certain that I could not become your rival."

There was something in this speech that jarred upon Graham's sensitive pride. But, on the whole, he felt relieved, both in honor and in heart. After a few more words the two young men shook hands and parted. Alain remounted his horse. The day was now declining. Graham hailed a vacant *fiacre*, and directed the driver to Isaura's villa.

CHAPTER IX.

ISAURA.

THE sun was sinking slowly as Isaura sat at her window, gazing dreamily on the rose-hued clouds that made the western border-land between earth and heaven. On the table before her lay a few sheets of MS. hastily written, not yet reperused. That restless mind of hers had left its trace on the MS.

It is characteristic, perhaps, of the different genius of the sexes that woman takes to written composition more impulsively, more intuitively, than man—letter-writing to him a task-work, is to her a recreation. Between the age of sixteen and the date of marriage six well-educated, clever girls out of ten keep a journal; not one well-educated man in ten thousand does. So, without serious and settled intention of becoming an author, how naturally a girl of ardent feeling and vivid fancy seeks in poetry or romance a confessional—an outpouring of thought and sentiment, which are mysteries to herself till she has given them words—and which, frankly revealed on the page, she would not, perhaps could not, utter orally to a living ear.

During the last few days the desire to create in the realm of fable beings constructed by her own breath, spiritualized by her own soul, had grown irresistibly upon this fair child of song. In fact, when Graham's words had decided the renunciation of her destined career, her instinctive yearnings for the utterance of those sentiments or thoughts which can only find expression in some form of art, denied the one vent, irresistibly impelled her to the other. And in this impulse she was confirmed by the thought that here at least there was nothing which her English friend could disapprove—none of the perils that beset the actress. Here it seemed as if, could she but succeed, her fame would be grateful to the pride of all who loved her. Here was a career ennobled by many a woman, and side by side in rivalry with renowned men. To her it seemed that, could she in this achieve an honored name, that name took its place at once amidst the higher ranks of the social world, and in itself brought a priceless dowry and a starry crown. It was, however, not till after the visit to Enghien that this ambition took practical life and form.

One evening after her return to Paris, by an effort so involuntary that it seemed to her *no* effort, she had commenced a tale—without plan, without method—without knowing in one page what would fill the next. Her slight fingers hurried on as if, like the pretended spirit manifestations, impelled by an invisible agency without the pale of the world. She was intoxicated by the mere joy of inventing ideal images. In her own special art an elaborate artist, here she had no thought of art; if art was in her work, it sprang unconsciously from the harmony between herself and her subject—as it is, perhaps, with the early soarings of the genuine lyric poets, in contrast to the dramatic. For the true lyric poet is intensely personal, intensely subjective. It is himself that he expresses—that he represents—and he almost ceases to be lyrical when he seeks to go out of his own existence into that of others with whom he has no sympathy, no *rapport*. This tale was vivid with genius as yet untutored—genius in its morning freshness, full of beauties, full of faults. Isaura distinguished not the faults from the beauties. She felt only a vague persuasion that there was a something higher and brighter—a something more true to her own idiosyncrasy—than could be achieved by the art that "sings other people's words to other people's music." From the work thus commenced she had now paused. And it seemed to her fancies that between her inner self and the scene without, whether in the skies and air and sunset, or in the abodes of men stretching far and near, till lost amidst the roofs and domes of the great city, she had fixed and riveted the link of a sympathy hitherto fluctuating, unsubstantial, evanescent, undefined. Absorbed in her reverie, she did not notice the deepening of the short twilight till the servant entering drew the curtains between her and the world without, and placed the lamp on the table beside her. Then she turned away with a restless sigh, her eyes fell on the MS., but the charm of it was gone. A sentiment of distrust in its worth had crept into her thoughts, unconsciously to herself, and the page open before her at an uncompleted sentence seemed unwelcome and wearisome as a copy-book is to a child condemned to relinquish a fairy tale half told, and apply himself to a task half done. She fell again into a reverie, when, starting as from a dream, she heard herself addressed by name, and turning round, saw Savarin and Gustave Rameau in the room.

"We are come, signorina," said Savarin, "to announce to you a piece of news, and to hazard a petition. The news is this: my young friend here has found a Mæcenas who has the good taste so to admire his lucubrations under the *nom de plume* of Alphonse de Valcour as to volunteer the expenses for starting a new journal, of which Gustave Rameau is to be editor-in-chief; and I have promised to assist him as contributor for the first two months. I have given him notes of introduction to certain other *feuilletonistes* and critics whom he has on his list. But all put together would not serve to float the journal like a short *roman* from Madame de Grantmesnil. Knowing your intimacy with that eminent artist, I venture to back Rameau's supplication that you would exert your influence on his behalf. As to the *honoraires*, she has but to name them."

"*Carte blanche*," cried Rameau, eagerly.

"You know Eulalie too well, M. Savarin," answered Isaura, with a smile half reproachful, "to suppose that she is a mercenary in letters, and sells her services to the best bidder."

"Bah, *belle enfant!*" said Savarin, with his gay light laugh. "Business is business, and books as well as razors are made to sell. But, of course, a proper prospectus of the journal must accompany your request to write in it. Meanwhile Rameau will explain to you, as he has done to me, that the journal in question is designed for circulation among readers of *haute classe:* it is to be pleasant and airy, full of *bons mots* and anecdote; witty, but not ill-natured. Politics to be liberal, of course, but of elegant admixture—Champagne and seltzer-water. In fact, however, I suspect that the politics will be a very inconsiderable feature in this organ of fine arts and manners; some amateur scribbler in the '*beau monde*' will supply them. For the rest, if my introductory letters are successful, Madame de Grantmesnil will not be in bad company."

"You will write to Madame de Grantmesnil?" asked Rameau, pleadingly.

"Certainly I will, as soon—"

"As soon as you have the prospectus, and the names of the *collaborateurs*," interrupted Rameau. "I hope to send you these in a very few days."

While Rameau was thus speaking Savarin had seated himself by the table, and his eye mechanically resting on the open MS., lighted by chance upon a sentence—an aphorism—embodying a very delicate sentiment in very felicitous diction. One of those choice condensations of thought, suggesting so much more than is said, which are never found in mediocre writers, and, rare even in the best, come upon us like truths seized by surprise.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Savarin, in the impulse of genuine admiration, "but this is beautiful; what is more, it is original;" and he read the words aloud. Blushing with shame and resentment, Isaura turned and hastily placed her hand on the MS.

"Pardon," said Savarin, humbly; "I confess my sin, but it was so unpremeditated that it does not merit a severe penance. Do not look at me so reproachfully. We all know that young ladies keep commonplace-books in which they enter passages that strike them in the works they read. And you have but shown an exquisite taste in selecting this gem. Do tell me where you found it. Is it somewhere in Lamartine?"

"No," answered Isaura, half inaudibly, and with an effort to withdraw the paper. Savarin gently detained her hand, and looking earnestly into her tell-tale face, divined her secret.

"It is your own, signorina! Accept the congratulations of a very practiced and somewhat fastidious critic. If the rest of what you write resembles this sentence, contribute to Rameau's journal, and I answer for its success."

Rameau approached, half incredulous, half envious.

"My dear child," resumed Savarin, drawing away the MS. from Isaura's coy, reluctant clasp, "do permit me to cast a glance over these papers. For what I yet know, there may be here more promise of fame than even you could gain as a singer."

The electric chord in Isaura's heart was touched. Who can not conceive what the young writer feels, especially the young woman-writer, when hearing the first cheery note of praise from the lips of a writer of established fame?

"Nay, this can not be worth your reading," said Isaura, falteringly; "I have never written any thing of the kind before, and this is a riddle to me. I know not," she added, with a sweet low laugh, "why I began, nor how I should end it."

"So much the better," said Savarin; and he took the MS., withdrew to a recess by the further window, and seated himself there, reading silently and quickly, but now and then with a brief pause of reflection.

Rameau placed himself beside Isaura on the divan, and began talking with her earnestly—earnestly, for it was about himself and his aspiring hopes. Isaura, on the other hand, more woman-like than author-like, ashamed even to seem absorbed in herself and *her* hopes, and with her back turned, in the instinct of that shame, against the reader of her MS.—Isaura listened and sought to interest herself solely in the young fellow-author. Seeking to do so, she succeeded genuinely, for ready sympathy was a prevalent characteristic of her nature.

"Oh," said Rameau, "I am at the turning-point of my life. Ever since boyhood I have been haunted with the words of André Chénier on the morning he was led to the scaffold: 'And yet there was something here,' striking his forehead. Yes, I, poor, low-born, launching myself headlong in the chase of a name; I, underrated, uncomprehended, indebted even for a hearing to the patronage of an amiable trifler like Savarin, ranked by petty rivals in a grade below themselves—I now see before me, suddenly, abruptly presented, the expanding gates into fame and fortune. Assist me, you!"

"But how?" said Isaura, already forgetting her MS.; and certainly Rameau did not refer to that.

"How!" echoed Rameau. "How! But do you not see—or, at least, do you not conjecture—this journal of which Savarin speaks contains my present and my future? Present independence, opening to fortune and renown. Ay—and who shall say?—renown beyond that of the mere writer. Behind the gaudy scaffolding of this rickety empire a new social edifice unperceived arises; and in that edifice the halls of state shall be given to the men who help obscurely to build it—to men like me." Here, drawing her hand into his own, fixing on her the most imploring gaze of his dark persuasive eyes, and utterly unconscious of bathos in his adjuration, he added, "Plead for me with your whole mind and heart; use your uttermost influence with the illustrious writer, whose pen can assure the fates of my journal."

Here the door suddenly opened, and following the servant, who announced unintelligibly his name, there entered Graham Vane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRUNKEN DAYS IN OLD SCOTLAND.

IN these latter degenerate days we should consider the spectacle of three fashionable physicians getting very tipsy at a consultation in a judge's house, or any where else, a very disgraceful and lamentable spectacle. But the famous Scotch Dr. Cullen relates that he and two other physicians had an appointment for a consultation about the case of Lord ——, a judge of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. On arriving at the house they were met by the judge's clerk, a venerable old fellow, whose preternaturally grave face betokened something unusual. "How is his lordship?" was the natural inquiry. To which the clerk replied, with a peculiar expression, "I hope he's weel!" The judge was dead, but the cautious Scot was not, even under the affecting circumstances, going to commit himself to a decided opinion with regard to his late master's welfare in his present unknown place of abode! The three physicians were, of course, exceedingly shocked at the sad event, and, after expressing some of the commonplaces suitable for the occasion, were about to take their departure. But no; the old clerk had another duty to perform. "Na, gentlemen, you must na leave without takin' a little refreshment." As the judge's cellar was as celebrated as himself, no objection was made to this hospitable invitation, and the party were ushered into the dining-room, where their host for the time being proceeded to decant one of half a dozen of port standing on the sideboard. The port was excellent, and after a couple of glasses they rose to leave. The clerk, however, put himself between them and the door, and quietly locking it and putting the key in his pocket, remarked, as he filled the decanter a second time, "Na, na, gentlemen, ye'll na gang awa' yet. Amang the last words his lordship said to me were, 'John, I'll have slipped awa' before the doctors come, but when they dae come, jest ye see that they no gang oot of this hoose sober. Bring up half a dozen of my Earthquake port, and see they dae their duty to't. It 'll no be said that the last guests in ma hoose went hame sober.' It was his last wish, gentlemen, and maun be obeyed!"

"And to tell you the truth," was the doctor's remark, as he related the anecdote, "his lordship's wish was strictly obeyed, for afore we left the table there was na ane o' us could bite oor thumb."

It was a hard-drinking time—a time of bacchanalian toasts and loyal bumpers—when "gentlemen" sat down early to, and rose up late from, the dining-table; when at certain periods of the evening a boy was introduced under the table to unloose the neckcloths of gentlemen who fell down drunk; and when a remonstrance at some one more temperate than another passing the decanter was thought to be more stringent if it was enforced by calling attention to the fact "that the night was young yet—the callant's no under the table!" All classes of society drank, and drank frequently to excess, too. A jovial farmer would go into a tavern when the landlady was "setting" a hen, and would never come out again until the chickens were running about. His superiors might not carry things to such an excess, but a two days' drinking-bout was thought the most common thing in the world, and the capacity for standing a certain number of bottles the test of a thorough good fellow. These were the days of five-bottle men, and in St. Andrews University was a students' club called the Nine-tumbler Club, the test of fitness for entrance into which was the ability of the candidate, after drinking nine tumblers of hot whisky toddy, to pronounce articulately the words, "bib-li-cal crit-i-cism." A miserly old laird used to make it his boast that so popular a man was he that he could go to market with sixpence in his pocket, and come home drunk with the sixpence still in his pocket.

Lord Nairne, after returning from his long exile in France on account of his adherence to the house of Stuart, expressed himself, in the company of the friends who had gathered round him to welcome him back again, thoroughly disgusted with the sober habits of the Parisians. "I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in getting men of some sense about me, after being so lang plagued wi' a set o' fules nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them!" Another gentleman, who had disinherited his son, reinstated him in his rights when he discovered, after a separation of some years, that the lad was a fair and sound drinker.

A man who did not drink, and drink hard, too, was apt to be thought boorish, and had as little chance of mingling in the convivial society of the district he lived in as an Irish gentleman of the same period who didn't "blaze." There is an anecdote of a clergyman who was utterly shocked, when administering consolation to a dying Highland chief, to be asked if there "was any whisky in heaven." And, half apologetically, "Ye ken, Sir, it's no that I care for it, but it looks weel on the table."

The drinking propensity of the age was not limited to jovial farmers and lairds. The Church was in no way back in claiming a place in that bibulous age. The late Very Reverend Dr. Baird, principal of the University of Edinburgh, used to tell a story to the effect that in his youth he was officiating in a distant parish for the clergyman, who was then absent from home. In the evening he dined with the chief proprietor, and while in the drawing-room before dinner he got into talk with another of the guests, who soon discovered that they had a common friend in Edinburgh. This accordingly was a new bond of friendship, and it was probably owing to this that Dr. Baird's newly acquired friend—who happened also to be a clergyman—took him by the button-hole as the butler announced dinner, and gravely whispered, "Tak' ma advice and bend weel into the Madeira at denner, for it's deevelish little o't ye'll get here after!" The utmost praise another clergyman of the same period would assign to the French, of whom he had a most wholesome hatred, was, "Well, well" (in a forgiving tone of voice), "there's nae use in denying the bodies brew gude drink;" and as he sipped another glass of claret he looked around as if he ought to have gained much credit for the extreme liberality of his sentiment. Another Highland minister is reported to have preached a sermon against evil drinking something after the following strain. "Ma freends," he remarked, "dinna aye be dram, dram, drammin'. Of coorse ye may tak' a dram for your mornin': every body does that when he gets up: and maybe another as he looks up the sheep, and ane to refresh ye when ye come in. Maist folk tak' ane at breakfast (I myself, indeed, tak' twa for my stomach), and ye canna well get through to twelve o'clock without meeting a friend, and then maist folk have ane, unless indeed in extraordinary circumstances. Of coorse ye'll hev ane at dinner, and maybe a settler up in the shape o' a snifter in the afternoon. At supper every body tak's a tumbler o' toddy, or maybe twa, unless ye've been eatin' haggis, when it's necessary to tak' a thimblefu' of gude Glenleevet; and afore a body gangs to bed they tak' ane or twa tumblers (I myself denna sleep without it). That's a' richt, friends, but for ony sake dinna be aye dram, dram, drammin'!" The same worthy used to remark that "whisky's a bad thing," and then, as if to qualify such a dangerous sentiment, "especially bad whisky."

This was in the early years of the century, but not over thirty years ago. A certain judge of the Court of Session, whose name is famous far beyond Edinburgh, was returning late one night, or early one morning, from a jovial party, so intoxicated that he could not find his own house. Lord R—— was, however, not a man to be put out, so he quietly stepped up to a watchman, and in a careless tone of voice inquired,

"Honest man, could ye tell me where Lord R——" (mentioning his own name) "lives?"

The watchman raised his lantern to the face of the inquirer. "Why, you're him!"

"Ah! honest man, well I ken that," was the careless reply; "but where do I live?"

OUR HAIR.

HAIRS are appendages of the skin, contributing to its defense, like the scarfskin, of which latter, indeed, they may be regarded as modifications, suited to a special use. The hairs cross the skin like the perspiratory and oil tubes, and resemble both in the extent to which they are prolonged into it, the downy hairs, like the latter, being limited to the superficial strata, the long hairs, like the former, extending more deeply, and even piercing it altogether, so as to reach the subcutaneous fat. Within the skin each hair is inclosed in a sheath or tube, closed at its extremity, where it supports the roots of the hair, and constructed, like the perspiratory and oil tubes, of three layers derived from the skin. These are a lining of scarfskin, a middle vascular layer, and a protective or fibrous layer. These sheaths or hair tubes, as they resemble the perspiratory and oil tubes, so also do they imitate them in function.

Each portion of the skin is organized for the production of hairs, with the exception of the palm of the hand and sole of the foot. On the greater part of the body the hairs are short and fine, and in some instances they scarcely rise above the level of the skin. In others, as in the scalp, the eyebrows, and in man the whiskers and beard, they grow to a considerable length. The length and thickness of the hair are regulated by a law of nature, the hair of the head being always longer and finer than that of the beard, and the latter longer than the whiskers and eyebrows. When hairs are left to their natural growth they attain a certain length, and are then thrown off by a process analogous to the change of coat in animals, their place being supplied by young hairs, which grow from the same tubes. This temporary decay of the hair happens also when it is kept cut.

The length of the hair of the head in women ranges between twenty inches and a yard, and its weight to between six and eight ounces. In many instances the length far exceeds the above, and the case is known of a lady in whom it measures two yards, and trails on the ground when she stands erect. When the hair is frequently shaved it becomes more persistent, and increases in strength and bulk. It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one line and a half in the week. This will give a length of six and a half inches for a year, so that an old man of eighty would have shaved from his chin twenty-seven feet of beard. This is by no means surprising, when Mr. Erasmus Wilson tells us in his treatise on *Healthy Skin* that according to Eble there is in the Prince's Palace at Eidam a painting of a carpenter whose beard was nine feet long, so that when engaged at work he was obliged to carry it in a bag, as a lawyer carries his briefs. Moreover, we are told by the same authority that the burgomeister, Hans Steiningen, having on one occasion forgotten to fold up his majestic beard, trod upon it as he ascended the staircase leading to the Council Chamber of Brunn, and was thereby thrown down and killed.

Few of us have any idea as to the number of hairs we possess on our heads. Mr. Erasmus Wilson can tell us to a nicety. He observed on inspection, in a square inch on the scalp of a brown-haired man, 744 pores, each pore being supposed to give passage to one hair. The surface of the scalp presents 120 square inches, which would yield 89,280 hairs. The calculation refers to thin heads, for in others many, if not all, pores give passage to two hairs. Reckoning that only half the pores in a head should give passage to two hairs, we should find 1116 hairs per square inch, or 133,920 hairs on a medium head; while, if we calculate two hairs in each pore, we shall arrive at the conclusion that those who own luxuriant heads carry on them as many as 175,560 individual hairs.

SCOLDING.

WE must trust to the generosity of our readers for forgiveness in transcribing the following extract from a contemporary on scolding. The advice is good, and may be followed by men and women with equal advantage: "Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired, or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with every thing and every body in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they fall a-scolding at the mere absence of any thing to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members. People in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than the people in town. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more frequently in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be, partly, that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded."

SACRED BULLS.

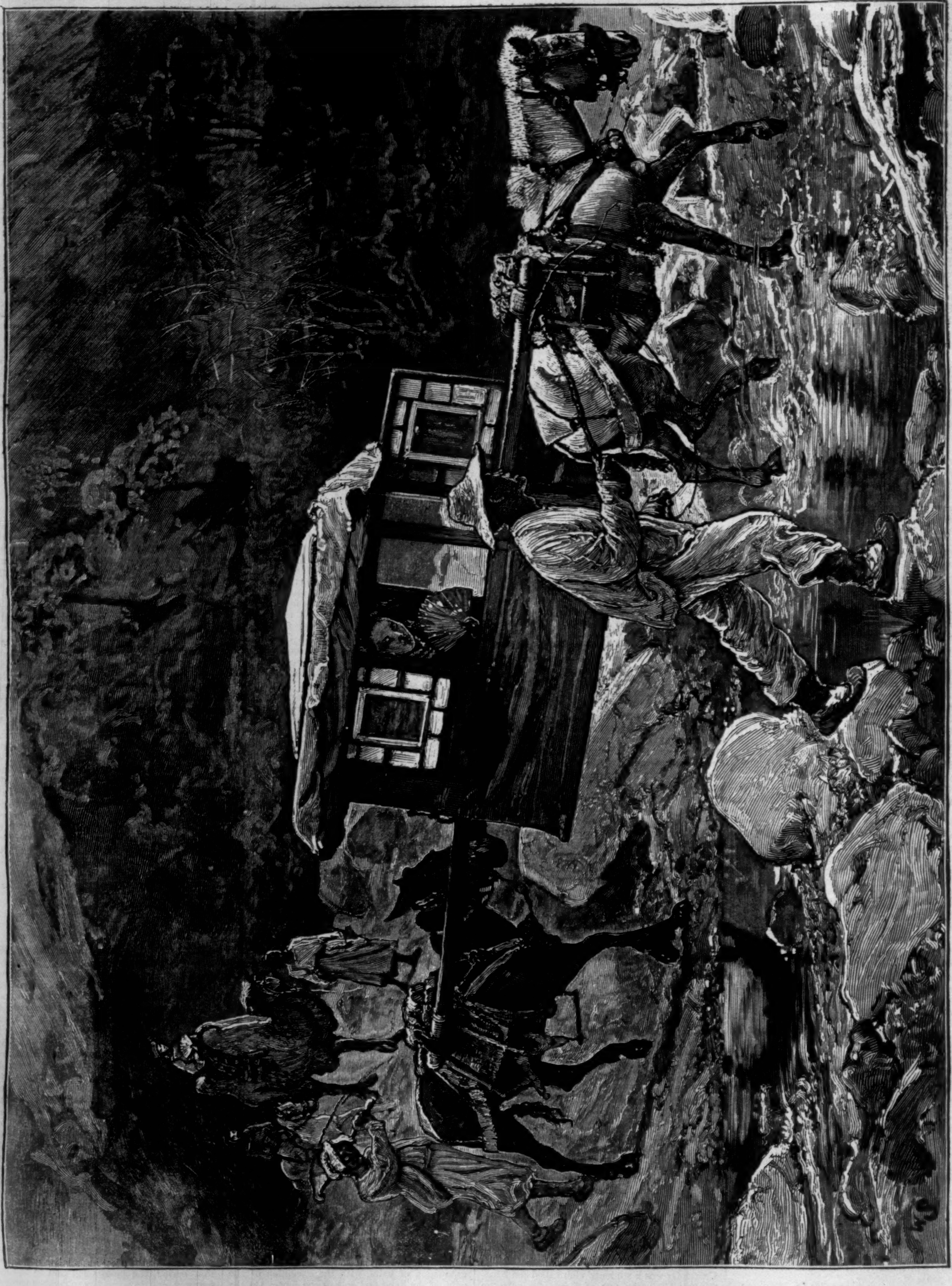
APIS, the sacred bull of Memphis, and Mnevis, the sacred ox of Heliopolis, were pretended by the priests of Egypt to present to their worshipers the material form of their deity, Osiris. At Memphis was erected a grand court, ornamented with figures, in which the sacred bull was kept when exhibited to the public. Attached to it were two stables, also for its use. The festival in honor of Apis lasted seven days, on which occasion a large concourse of people assembled. The priests then led the sacred bull, preceded by a chorus of children singing hymns in his honor, in solemn procession. All persons crowded to welcome him as he passed. It was thought that children who smelled his breath were thereby gifted with the power of predicting future events. When the Apis died certain priests, chosen for the duty, went in quest of another, who was known from the signs mentioned in the sacred books. As soon as he was found they took him to the city of the Nile, preparatory to his removal to Memphis, where he was kept forty days. These days being completed, he was placed in a boat, with a golden cabin prepared expressly for him, and he was conducted in state upon the Nile to Memphis. The Apis was forbidden to live more than twenty-five years. Should he be alive at the end of that period, the priests led him to the sacred fountain, and drowned him with much ceremony. His body was embalmed, and a grand funeral procession took place. When the Apis died a natural death his obsequies were celebrated on the most magnificent scale. The burial-place of these sacred bulls was discovered a few years since by M. Marietti, near Memphis. It consists of an arched gallery hewn in the rock, about twenty feet in height and breadth and two thousand feet in length, besides a lateral gallery. On each side is a series of recesses, every one containing a large sarcophagus of granite, in which the body of a sacred bull had been deposited. From whatever cause the death of an Apis took place, the people performed in public lamentation, and this mourning lasted until his successor had been found. They then commenced the rejoicings, which were celebrated with an enthusiasm equal to the grief exhibited during the mourning. The people consulted the Apis as an oracle, and drew from his actions good or bad omens.

The Hindoos have for many centuries propitiated the bull with divine honors. Their temples are frequently situated, says Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, in the midst of the wildest scenery, surrounded by woods and forests. In these groves a number of consecrated bulls, after being dedicated with great ceremony by the Brahmins to Siva, and having a distinguishing mark set upon them, are permitted to wander whithersoever they please, every where welcomed as the representatives of the god. Never was Apis regarded in ancient Egypt with more veneration than is now paid to the bull of Siva in Hindostan. Besides the living animals, there is in most temples a representation of one or more of the race, sculptured in marble or stone, reposing under the banian or peepul tree; for, living or dead, they are supposed to add to the sanctity of the holy retreats. The consecrated bulls are of extraordinary beauty. They are perfectly white, with black horns, a skin delicately soft, and eyes rivaling those of the antelope in brilliant lustre.

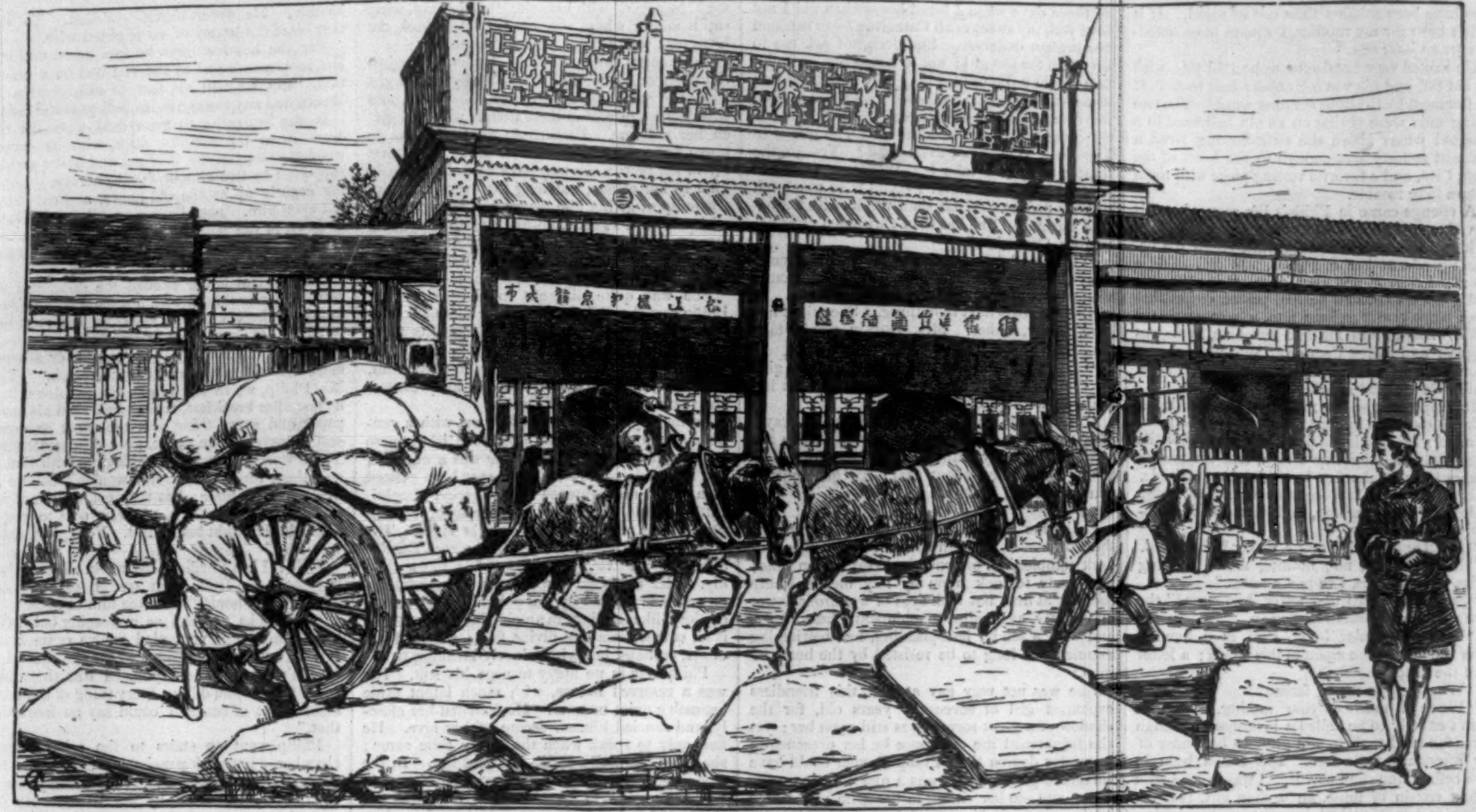
Among the Kytch tribe of Africans, located on the banks of the White Nile, to every herd of cattle there is a sacred bull, which is supposed to exert an influence over the prosperity of the flocks; his horns are ornamented with tufts of feathers, and frequently with small bells, and he invariably leads the great herd to pasture. On starting in the early morning from the cattle kraal the natives address this bull, telling him "to watch over the herd, to keep the cows from straying, and to lead them to the sweetest pastures, so that they shall give abundance of milk," etc.

TRAVELING IN CHINA.

THE mule litter shown in the illustration on this page is used in the mountain passes north of Pekin, and may be hired for the journey to the Great Wall. The litter is in the form of a huge sedan with double shafts, the whole being slung on the back of two ponies or mules, the one in front and the other behind, in such a way as to leave the animals the full and free use of their limbs in climbing the rough, rocky defiles of the Nankow Pass. The chair is large enough to hold two individuals and baggage for a journey. It is by far the easiest and most comfortable mode of traveling over the rough pass to reach the Great Wall. It, however, requires



CHINA—TRAVELING IN A MULE LITTER—A MOUNTAIN PASS.



CHINA—AN OLD STONE ROAD AT TUNG-CHOW.

some slight nerve in the traveler, as the path frequently leads over the verge of a dangerous precipice, where a false step of the sure-footed mules would plunge the litter and its contents into the fatal depths of the pass.

The illustration on this page gives a view of an old stone road at Tung-Chow, situated above Tien-tsin on the Pei-ho, and is the nearest point to Pekin by water. It is a small, busy, and very dirty Chinese port, where there is a perpetual struggle carried on by the junk owners and boatmen as they contest the use of the narrow channel of the river. "Our boatmen," says a recent traveler, "as we entered Tung-Chow, had a fight with the crew of another passenger boat. As this affray became hot they abandoned the bamboo poles and oars, and left the dispute to be settled by the two captains, who caught hold of each other's tails. Then came the tug of war, when our skipper gained the right of way, his enemy having nearly lost his tail."

The road through beneath the old arch at Tung-Chow does not resemble a billiard-board or bowling-alley. It was at one time a fine stone road, probably before the Mantchoos ruled the country. The huge stones of which it is composed are now broken and displaced, with every few yards pits and divisions of one or two feet deep, where heavily laden carts stick fast, and try the muscles of the mules, the tempers of the drivers, and the frame of the cart. This road extends to Pekin, about a day's journey in a cart. It is a rude vehicle, without springs, and its continual plunging motion on this imperial highway leaves the traveler covered with bruises, and lame at times. In wet weather, too, the cart is apt to slip off the road into the deep ditch at the side, when people are occasionally drowned. Tung-Chow, with its covering of mud and dust and dirt, looks like an ancient city recently unearthed, and its yellow-skinned people as if they had awoke after a sleep of centuries to shake the dust from their faded garments, and find their old haunts and houses very much out of repair.

A GOOD HATER.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc., etc.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I like a good hater!" Philip Rayner used to boast that in this respect he was a man after the great lexicographer's heart. "I never forgive an injury," he said, "and I never forget a kindness." True, there are certain gracious sentences recorded in the teaching of our Saviour, and treasured in the writings of St. Paul, which do not quite harmonize with Samuel Johnson's dictum; sentences which inculcate an inexhaustible capacity for the pardon of wrongs; precepts which show us how poor a thing it is only to love them who love us. Perhaps Philip Rayner would have been very angry in those early days if any one had disputed his claim to the title of Christian. He went to church once every Sunday; twice sometimes, when the day of rest seemed especially long, and he had nothing better to do with his afternoon leisure; and if he did not listen very attentively to the voice of the preacher, or join with any great fervor in the ritual, he at least offered a good example to the multitude by his well-brushed clothes, spotless linen, and decorous behavior. He paid his debts to the uttermost farthing, and was not altogether wanting in benevolence, contributing to certain old-established respectable charities in a fair proportion to his income.

The world in which he lived spoke well of Philip Rayner. He was a clever, prosperous young man, with a character unsullied by vice, an agreeable personal appearance, and a manner that was very quiet, but not wanting in pleasantness. A thoughtful young man too, who was apt to contemplate all things in their gravest aspect. For the rest he was very happily placed in the world, being the only son of a wealthy leather merchant, who had carried on a prosperous trade for the last forty years in some gloomy old premises in the river-side district beyond the Tower.

His father had educated this only son upon a rough-and-ready principle of his own. No Eton or Harrow, no expensive University education, no riotous career among the patrician youth of Oxford or Cambridge, to spoil the lad for commercial pursuits, and a quiet humdrum middle-class life. Old Samuel Rayner sent his boy to a respectable mercantile academy, the principal whereof was instructed to give his pupil a sound mercantile education; no perpetual grinding at the adventures of pious Æneas, no useless grubbing among Greek roots, but plenty of book-keeping by double entry, a profound study of tare and tret, and a familiar acquaintance with fractions. This was the kind of teaching Mr. Rayner demanded for his son, and the boy had it. His education seemed to him rather a dull business altogether; but he went through it patiently enough, and finally emerged from the mercantile academy a first-rate arithmetician, a very fair French and German scholar, and a marvel of excellence in the way of penmanship.

Philip Rayner's home life, for the first five years after he left school, was not particularly cheerful. The old man elected to live, where his forefathers had lived before him, in a big, gloomy mansion adjoining the business premises of Rayner, Rayner, and Sons. The brass plate on the counting-house door which bore this inscription had been old and worn when Samuel Rayner was a little boy, and the Rayner, Rayner, referred to thereby were two dryasdust brothers, who had worn snuff-colored small-clothes, and snuff-colored coats with bright brass buttons, and brown George wigs on their elderly heads, in the days of the great rebellion.

It was a dismal home for youth certainly, that great gaunt red-brick mansion, with its wide ghastly oaken staircase, where in the twilight it would seem more natural to meet some phantasmal lady in a brocaded sacque, or some withered gentleman in powder and velvet, with silk stockings rolled over his knees, than to encounter any modern flesh-and-blood creature. Such deep-toned oaken wainscots; such marvels of wood carving over obscure doors and in forgotten passages; such vast and darksome closets in every direction; such a delicious house altogether for a connoisseur in old houses, but oh, such a grewsome place to live in!

Happily, Philip Rayner was not troubled with an imaginative temperament; he accepted his life very quietly, only thinking that it was rather a dull world upon the whole, and that perhaps his happiest days had been those of his academical existence, with their riotous gambolings in the great play-ground at Peckham, and their stolen feastings in the dormitories. He thought it rather a hard thing that his father had not a fine country-house, with gardens and hot-houses, stabling and billiard-room, like other men in his position; but whenever he ventured to argue the point with the old gentleman, he ended by agreeing with his parent that it was a foolish thing for a man to waste all his substance on splendor and show, and to be obliged to face the bankruptcy court in his old age.

"When I die you will be one of the richest men in the leather trade, Phil," the old man usually wound up by saying; "and you wouldn't have been that, if I'd sent you to the University, and squandered my income on country-houses, and carriages and horses."

So Philip, not having any extravagant propensities, came to consider things from his father's point of view, and to think that it was, after all, a good thing that they had no splendid suburban mansion at Dulwich or Clapham, Sydenham or Richmond, to absorb the profits of their trade.

He grew in time, too, to have a warm liking for that gloomy old house; grew to have prim bachelor ways in advance of his years, and to think it mattered very little where a man lived so long as he was comfortably lodged and well catered for. It was not a mean or sordid household by any means. There was a gray-headed old butler, who had been custodian of the cellars and the massive old plate for the last thirty years, and who would have laid his head on the block in the adjacent Tower rather than compromise the family dignity by any neglect of his duties; there was a housekeeper of fabulous antiquity, who remembered the last hours of the last snuff-colored gentleman; and there were a couple of prim sour-visaged maid-servants of a discreet age, selected by the housekeeper, who, change as they might as to their individuality, never underwent any variation as to those two qualities of primness and sourness.

There was no other woman in the little household. Philip's mother had died years ago, when he was quite a small boy in brown-holland pinafores, and with what seemed to his young mind a perpetual whooping-cough. She was dead. There was a portrait of her in an obscure room opening out of Philip's bed-chamber, a picture which had been banished there in the early days after her death, when the bereaved husband could not endure to be reminded of his affliction, and which had never been restored to its place of honor.

Philip was thirty years of age, and had been his father's coadjutor and representative in the business for the last ten years of his life. The father was growing quite an old man now; was subject to severe attacks of gout, which kept him a prisoner to his arm-chair, much to his aggravation, and Philip was almost sole manager of the business. He consulted his father day by day, it is true, but the consultation was a kind of formula, for Samuel Rayner's brain was beginning to lose its business faculty.

In all these years, since he had left school upon his seventeenth birthday to enter into the proud possession of a stool in his father's counting-house, Philip Rayner had made only one friend. This was a young man who came into the office a little later as corresponding clerk, more especially for the foreign correspondence, which was heavy in the house of Rayner, Rayner, and Sons. The lad was two years younger than Philip, and was little more than a lad, fresh from a German university, when he began his commercial career. His name was George Tolson, and he was the son of a major in a crack regiment, who had made ducks and drakes of a very handsome fortune, and had cut his throat one morning in a fit of delirium tremens, leaving a widow and two helpless orphans to face a life which he had done his best to render hard for them.

Some benevolent friends had come forward to help the forlorn woman, and the boy had been sent to Germany, and the girl to a semi-charitable school for the rearing of officers' daughters; so they had struggled on somehow, until the boy was able to win a livelihood by his industry, and the girl old enough to go out as governess. The mother had a lodging somewhere in an obscure street on the Surrey side of the Thames, and here George used to return every evening when his office duties were over.

The friendship between these two young men did not arise all in a moment. Philip Rayner was by no means impulsive, and George Tolson, though free and frank as the winds of heaven, was too proud to make the faintest advance toward the son of his employer. For some time these two behaved toward each other with a supreme reserve; but they were the only young men in the office, and little by little the ice melted, until acquaintance ripened into friendship. They had few tastes in common. George Tolson was much more versatile, of a brighter and more joyous nature, than his master's son; but they were both young, and that made a bond between them. Nor was this the only link. There were circumstances in George Tolson's life which awakened a keen interest in the mind of Philip. He had discovered that George was the chief support and devoted companion of his mother, and he envied him so tender a tie, so precious a duty. He used to walk home with George on summer evenings, now and then, and growing bolder and more familiar by slow degrees, would consent by-and-by to drop in upon the widow, and take a late cup of tea after his walk, or play a game of chess with George while the mother looked on. If he had possessed the power to help his friend in any substantial manner, he would have done it; but he was still in a state of tutelage, and Samuel Rayner thought he did quite enough in giving the young man a liberal salary. All that Philip could do was to testify his regard for the widow by such small gifts as he could afford for the embellishment of her scantily furnished lodging—a plated tea-service—a new chess-board and men—a pair of china vases for the mantel-piece, and so on. They were trifling gifts, but very precious to Mrs. Tolson, who had not been favored by such tributes of late years.

And so the years went on, with a quiet monotony which was pleasant enough to Philip, who had no yearning for change. He and George used to walk together a great deal in those long summer evenings, late into the autumn even, when lamps were flaming in the misty streets, or in the cold spring nights, when a great wind blustered in every open space and at every street corner. There was not a nook in the old City they left unexplored in these evening rambles, only now and then pushing their way beyond that labyrinth of brick and mortar to some heathy hill-side out north, or rural-looking common in the south. They were very happy together, George full of wild, reckless talk about lives that were different from theirs; lives of adventure in distant lands, lives in camp and on board ship, tossed about by the winds and waves, and in frequent contest with savage foes; the kind of life he longed to lead, in short, instead of that dryasdust life of the counting-house, which might go on forever, and leave him no better man than he was now.

"You get an increase of salary every year, you know, George," suggested the practical Philip. "It's not such a bad thing, after all. And if you stick to business, by-and-by, when we are both middle-aged men, I may be able to give you a junior partnership."

"Yes, I know you're very good, old fellow, and the governor is very good, and I'm altogether better off than I deserve. But you see I don't think I was intended for that sort of life. There's too much of my father's blood in me. The Tolsons have been soldiers time out of mind. If it hadn't been for my mother, I should have enlisted ever so long ago."

He looked very handsome as he said this, with his hat off, and his waving auburn hair blown off his forehead by the light summer wind. The two young men were sitting on an old bulkhead in a deserted wharf above the swift-flowing river, a pleasant solitary spot enough in the heart of the great City, and a favorite resting-place with them after a long ramble.

A change came in Philip's life soon after this—a change which seemed to make a new man of him, from which he afterward dated the beginning of another existence. It was as if a door had opened and shut upon all the life that had gone before, and he had passed out of that close narrow atmosphere into a new world; a world of light, and air, and sunshine, that was brighter and fairer than any thing he had ever known or dreamed of before. In plain words, Philip Rayner fell in love.

It happened one morning that the old dealer in hides took less interest than usual in the money article, laid aside his particular portion of the *Times* with a long-drawn sigh, and sat gazing meditatively at the fire in so fixed an attitude, and with such a rapt countenance, that Philip laid down his paper too, and looked at his progenitor wonderingly.

"Is there any thing amiss, father?" he asked.

"No, no, Phil, no; nothing amiss, nothing amiss. The fact is, I've had a letter."

"Some very particular letter, I suppose?" the younger man hazarded, anxiously.

"Yes, a particular letter, Phil, in a hand I never thought to see again in this world; a letter from the dead."

"What do you mean, father?"

"When I married your mother, Philip, it wasn't exactly to be called a love-match, though I was fond of her then, and grew to be fonder of her afterward, poor soul. But I had been in love before, and she knew it. I was in love with a first cousin of mine, an orphan girl, that my father and mother had brought up on charity. You'd laugh at me, I dare say, if I were to tell you how I loved that girl; for such things sound foolish when a man is old and feeble, with one foot in the grave. But I loved Catherine Marsh with all my heart and soul. The old people were dead against our marrying at first, seeing that Catherine was no better than a pauper, as they said; but they were fond of her in spite of their talk, and finding that my heart was set upon the business, my father gave way, and of course my mother didn't hold out after him. It was all settled. I fancied myself the happiest man in Christendom. Well, Phil, it's an old story, and common enough. She jilted me. She never had loved me, I suppose. However that was, she ran away with an Italian fellow called Paroldi, Joseph Paroldi, who taught my sister Rosa singing; an idle scape-grace, with nothing in his favor but a handsome face and a specious taking manner. She ran away with him one morning, leaving a penitent little note for me, to say that she had turned Catholic some time before, and that they had been married at the Roman Catholic church in Moorfields."

"What a heartless hussy!" cried the son. "You never could forgive such treachery as that, father."

"Well, Phil, it was a hard thing for a man to forgive, wasn't it? I was furious against her at first, and felt as if I could have killed her if she had come across my path in those days. But little by little I got to think of her differently, remembering what a young thing she was, only just turned eighteen, when she married that scoundrel, and recalling looks and words of hers that had hinted at some secret trouble weighing upon her mind, until I began to believe that she had struggled hard to be true to me, and had often wanted to tell me all. So, you see, it ended by my forgiving her."

Philip Rayner shrugged his shoulders with an involuntary expression of contempt for his father's weakness.

"I could never have brought myself to do that," he said.

"Ah, you think not, Phil," answered the old man, "you think not; but when a man has once loved a woman, her face is always rising up before him, pleading to him to think tenderly of her, let her have treated him as badly as she may. It always ends with his forgiving her. The memory of the days when he thought she loved him is too much for his manhood. It always ends so."

"It would never end so with me," muttered the young man, clinching his fist vindictively. "Nothing upon this earth could induce me to forgive a woman who had jilted me. But how about the letter you talk of, father, and what has that to do with this old story?"

"It is from her, Philip, from Catherine Marsh—Catherine Paroldi; the last letter she ever wrote. She is dead. Another hand tells me that at the end of the letter—her daughter's. She is dead, and has left one child, a girl, the last of a large family, all dead but this one. Paroldi took her out to the West Indies, it seems, where they did well enough for many years, but had much sorrow, the climate killing their children one after another; the last of the flock lived, that was all. Then came reverses; the man's health failed him, and ten years ago he died. After that the poor soul kept herself and her child by teaching. She was always a sweet musician, with a voice as clear and fresh as the skylark's, and I think it was that fellow's music tempted her away from me. And so she got on somehow, she says in her letter, till she felt death close at hand; and then, not having one wealthy friend in the world whose bounty she could entreat for her child, except myself, and knowing that I was a good man, she says, poor soul, she turns to me, beseeching me for Christian charity, if not for the memory of those days when I loved her—when did I not love you, my sweet cruel Catherine?—to befriend her orphan daughter. She does not ask me to do much for the girl; not to adopt her, or maintain her in a life of idleness; only to put her into some way of making an honest living, and to keep her from falling into dangerous hands. The letter came by hand this morning. The girl is in London. What am I to do, Phil? You are the master now, as I take it. Whatever I save is saved for you; whatever I spend is so much out of your pocket. What shall we do with Catherine Paroldi? She has been christened after her mother, Catherine."

"It is hard for a woman to get her living nowadays," Philip answered, thoughtfully; "a young woman too, and a foreigner, as you may say. A girl's keep costs next to nothing. She might live here, surely, father. Mrs. Dorkin would take good care of her."

"Yes, that would be well enough for the girl, for the time. But by-and-by; she must get her living by-and-by, Phil."

"She would be better used to English ways, after a year or two. And you would leave her a trifle, I dare say, father."

"I don't know about that; it's generous of you to think of it, Phil."

Catherine Paroldi came to the old house near the Tower. A tall slim slip of a girl, with a very dark complexion, browned by West Indian suns; not lovely to look upon by any means, Philip thought at first, but with eyes of wondrous power and beauty, as he came to understand before long, and with a tender half-pleading, half-bewitching manner, not long to be resisted by the heart of man.

She was not very gay at first, this friendless orphaned girl of seventeen years old, for the shadow of a great sorrow was still upon her; yet she brightened the old house by her presence in a greater degree than Philip Rayner could have imagined possible. It was a new thing to come home and see her sitting in the grim wainscoted parlor; it made his coming home something different from what it had been. He used to be startled by finding himself thinking of this dark-eyed Catherine sometimes in business hours, when he had a file of accounts or a ponderous ledger before him. The days seemed longer to him than of old, and he wondered at his eagerness to go home to the quiet dinner and long, quiet evening, when Catherine sat at a little table near the old man, busy with some complicated piece of embroidery, for which, with all other kinds of fancy-work, she had an especial genius.

There would be no difficulty about her getting her own living by-and-by, Samuel Rayner said, seeing how industrious the girl was. Philip thought that she might never have any occasion to earn a living for herself. It would have seemed a hard thing for one so tender and gentle to be turned adrift upon a cold, cruel world. And what could they do without her in that dreary old house, having once known the magical brightening influence of her presence? She had a hundred little arts by which a woman can embellish the dullest home, and little by little, as she found herself privileged to do these things, exercised her pretty trivial arts. Quaint old china jars and bottles, and cups and tea-pots, that had been hidden away in remote cupboards, blackened with the dust of ages, came out of their hiding-places, and were placed about, here and there, making patches of light and color in the darksome rooms.

The ponderous old furniture was polished into a kind of beauty, and by a new disposition of old material she brought light and air into gloomy corners. Flowers bloomed here and there in the windows, and a pair of pet birds of gay plumage, which she had brought with her from Trinidad, enlivened the family parlor. There was a new atmosphere in the house, somehow, and Philip felt the change keenly.

Perhaps at this time Mr. Rayner the younger did not care quite so much for the society of his chosen friend George Tolson. It was midwinter, and there was considerable excuse for the suspension of their evening rambles; but Philip felt that he was not treating his friend quite fairly, and in order to make some amends, invited him home to dinner once or twice a week. The old man had no objection to his company; the son was quite master now.

It may be that Philip wanted to hear Catherine Paroldi's praises from the lips of the friend whose judgment he believed in. He was certainly gratified when George spoke of the beauty of her dark eyes, and the charm of her singing. She had found the key of the old-fashioned square piano in a corner of the parlor, the piano at which her father had taught Miss Rayner singing; and she sang and played to her benefactor and his son sometimes of an evening. Her voice was a clear, thrilling soprano, her touch upon the keys full of tenderness and feeling. She sang all the old English ballads which Samuel Rayner loved, besides Italian music of the best kind, which her father had taught her while she was quite a child.

Philip was no musician. He had only a vague consciousness of melody in Catherine's singing. It was a pleasant soothing influence for him; a little melancholy, perhaps, awakening a dim sense of sadness in his breast—that was all. He would scarcely have distinguished one of her songs from another without the words. He felt this deficiency of his rather keenly when George Tolson was with them, for George had a fine baritone voice and considerable taste for music, and would sing a duet with Catherine very often. It seemed to bring those two closer together, and for the first time Philip felt a pang of jealousy. He was angry with himself for the feeling, and made a great effort to overcome it, asking his friend to the old house all the oftener, because of this secret weakness.

"What fear need I have of him, if she loves me?" he argued with himself; "and if not, what can it matter whom she sees? But I think she loves me; yes, I believe she loves me."

He thought she loved him. He had some justification for so thinking, undoubtedly. The girl was of a confiding, affectionate disposition, and was deeply grateful to these friends who had given her a home. Perhaps in her eagerness to prove her gratitude, in all the trivial ways that lay in her power, she may have been dangerously kind to her cousin, watching for every little opportunity of giving him pleasure, deferring to his wishes with a sweet child-like submission, going out to meet him with bright welcoming looks when he came home, making his life altogether bewilderingly happy, to the peril of his peace.

She was quite different to George Tolson. Philip saw the difference, and the fact of it added much to his happiness. To George her manner was reserved, singularly cold and distant, Philip thought; she took no pains to please him, and never betrayed any pleasure in his presence. No, there was no fear of George.

So the days and weeks drifted on, with a gentle monotony that would have been irksome to restless spirits; but Philip's life was a new life, and he wondered how he could ever have existed in a world unbrightened by Catherine Paroldi. Little by little, she who had been unlovely at first, grew to be most beautiful in his sight. The tawny hue of her skin faded in the cool English atmosphere, leaving her pale and fair, like a white lily. Her smile grew radiant as her spirits improved, and lighted up the pale face with a kind of glory, like the light in an old altar-piece, where it all comes from one divine face; a mere trick of art, perhaps, but with a lovely meaning in it.

Philip was in no hurry to urge his suit. His was a reserved nature, with much latent pride beneath a quiet manner. He watched her closely, and fancied himself secure of her love. He had only to speak when the fitting time came; she must know how much he loved her. In the mean while, all his dreams were of a future in which she was to be his wife. He could not think of himself for a moment apart from her. The possibility that this desire of his heart might be denied him never entered into his mind.

So the time went on until there came a sudden break in this monotonous life for Philip Rayner. His father insisted upon his going on a round among their customers in the north of England. There were details in the management of the trade that wanted revision and re-arrangement. There had been numerous complaints of late from provincial customers; prices must be lowered to meet the march of the times. It was altogether a delicate business, requiring the exercise of commercial diplomacy, and necessitating, Samuel Rayner said, the presence of a principal.

He was surprised to find his son disinclined for the performance of this duty; anxious to delegate it to a clerk; in fact, any thing rather than to go himself. But upon this point the old man was absolute. Roused by a threatened danger to his house, he showed himself as keen a man of business as in his best days. Rayner, Rayner, and Sons must show themselves prompt to satisfy the demands of the times. His son Philip must go, and none other. So Philip went. It was only a business of a month or six weeks, yet he felt as if the very mainspring of his life was broken when he turned his back upon the familiar old house.

He never forgot that parting. He was to go by the night mail, and it was a calm, airless evening early in May when he left his father's house. Catherine came to the hall door to bid him good-by. For the first time in his life he kissed her. Just at the last, when his portmanteau had been put on the roof of the cab, and the old butler was standing on the door-step talking to the driver, Philip took his cousin in his arms, and kissed her on the lips. It was one long passionate kiss, and he fancied that it was at once the declaration and the seal of his love. She could not misunderstand him after that; she was his own from that moment.

Catherine Paroldi gave a little cry of astonishment or reproof, and ran back to the parlor. There was not a moment to lose. Philip sprang into the cab, and drove off. He saw her for an instant at the open window watching him, with the evening sun upon her face. That picture—the pale young face, the shadowy eyes, and loose brown hair, framed in the window—haunted him all through the long night journey. The memory of that one unpremeditated kiss haunted him too, the seal which he had set upon his love.

The six weeks were dragged out into two months. People in the north were slow, and Philip Rayner had a great many places to visit. Having once undertaken the business, he was determined to do it thoroughly, and he found matters regulated themselves easily and pleasantly enough, by the exercise of his personal influence and a little judicious liberality. Altogether his mission was a successful one.

It was the end of June when he turned his face homeward; brilliant weather, and the country through which he went looking its fairest. But Philip Rayner did not think much of the verdant summer world through which he was traveling. His thoughts sped on before him to the end of his journey. How would she receive him, Catherine, his idol? With blushes and shy downcast looks? No, he scarcely thought that. There had been no blush upon the face that looked out at him from the open window. How would she receive him, his darling, his own? Doubly his own from the moment in which he had pressed that passionate kiss upon her unresisting lips.

His only letters from home had been from her; dear little letters telling him all the trivial news of the old house, his father's talk of him, the blank caused by his absence: sweet womanly letters, which a sister might have written to a brother. He never thought of that. To him they were the letters of his plighted wife.

For the last few days he had heard nothing. His movements just at the end had been uncertain. But he had no fear of evil, or that he should find any change in his dull, peaceful home.

It was beginning to grow dusk when the cab drew up at the familiar door, with its carved wooden canopy of the William and Mary period, supported by two chubby-faced cherubs. Looking eagerly up at the old house, a great shock fell upon him. The blinds were all drawn closely down in the still summer evening. His first thought was of his father—his first thought was of the truth. The old man was dead.

The ancient butler opened the door, and received his new master with a solemn face—a face in which there was real grief, for the man had loved his employer of so many years.

"There never was a better master or a better man," he said, with something like a sob. "Yes, Mr. Philip, we've lost him. He fell down in a fit just after breakfast, though he'd read his newspaper and every thing just the same as usual, and he never spoke again, poor dear gentleman. There was as many as four doctors with him at one time, for Miss Paroldi wouldn't believe as there was no hope; but they could do nothing for him. There was a telegram sent to you at Sheffield the night before last. You got it, didn't you, Sir?"

"No; I left Sheffield last week. I came here straight from Hull. Let me go to his room, Jackson; I should like to see him at once."

"He looks as calm as a sleeping baby, God bless him! I'm very glad you've come home, Sir. There's many things about the funeral we couldn't settle without you. I told the undertaker I knew you'd have every thing of the handsomest, but of course I could say no more than that."

Philip went up stairs to the solemn death-chamber, a long oak-paneled room, with four tall, narrow windows, which had been gloomy enough even when inhabited by the living. He had scarcely known until this moment how much he loved his father, or how bitter a blow their parting was to be. For the time, even the image of Catherine Paroldi was blotted from his mind. He stopped in that darkened room for a long while, nearly an hour, and then went slowly down stairs in the deepening summer dusk. Day was not quite ended even yet, though the early stars were shining faintly through the long staircase window as he went down.

There was a lamp burning dimly in the hall. Catherine came out of the parlor, very pale, and dressed in black; it was one of the black dresses she had worn in memory of her mother. She gave him her hand, looking at him with a grave pitying face.

"I am so sorry for you, Cousin Philip," she said; "so sorry for my own sake, too. I loved him very dearly. Indeed, I had good reason to love him," she added, breaking down with a little choking sound.

They went into the parlor, and sat there in mournful silence till very late, only saying a few words now and then. On the next day Catherine told Philip all about his father's last moments, about that last breakfast too, when he had been quite himself, and had talked as cheerfully as ever he had done within her knowledge of him, speaking of his son's approaching return, and looking forward with evident pleasure to that event.

Two days afterward came the funeral, a stately ceremonial; for Philip Rayner chose this conventional mode of testifying to his respect for the dead man, as the only manner in which he could exhibit such a feeling to the eyes of the commonplace world in which his father had lived. The City church-yard wherein the Brothers Rayner lay buried had long been closed, so the old man's bones were carried to Norwood Cemetery, by-and-by to rest under a handsome and appropriate monument.

It was with profound sadness in his heart that Philip rode homeward through the summer sunlight, and amidst the busy life of suburb and city, when all was over, and the dreary day's work done. No, all was not quite over. There was the will to be read, a ceremony which did not involve much anxiety or heart-burning; for Samuel Rayner had not many relatives, and those he left behind him were, with the exception of Catherine Paroldi, wealthy traders settled in remote colonies. There was no one but Philip and the two old servants, Mrs. Dorkin the housekeeper and Jackson the butler, to hear the reading of the will, which was read with all due solemnity by the family solicitor, in the grim darksome dining-room, a spacious chamber only used on state occasions.

The will was an old one, dated six years ago, and worded in a very simple manner. The old man left an annuity to each of his faithful servants, a mourning-ring or so to the distant traders, a small legacy to the doctor who had attended him for some thirty years of his life, and all the rest to his only son. There was nothing for Catherine Paroldi. The will had been executed before Samuel Rayner knew of the girl's existence, and there was no codicil.

It mattered very little, Philip thought. All that he had would be Catherine's. It was time for him now to speak plainly; the dear girl must not have an hour's doubt as to the security of her position. He would speak to her that very evening. There was no indecency, no lack of reverence for the dead, in such promptitude. Philip fancied that his marriage with Catherine would have been the desire of his father's heart. The old man must have surely foreseen their union, or he would never have left Catherine Marsh's daughter penniless.

The cousins sat alone together that evening, after a dinner of which neither had eaten any thing. It was a warm sunny midsummer evening, and the faint hum of the declining City life came to them through the open windows with a distant drowsy sound. The old house had that aspect of profound dullness peculiar to a habitation in the heart of a city on a summer evening, when mankind has a natural yearning for the sweet freedom of the hill-side, and for the green leaves in the woodland. Philip had no such yearning to-night, however. To him the shadowy oak-paneled room was paradise. He forgot that he had seen his kind old father laid in the grave that day; he could think of nothing but Catherine's pensive face as she sat by the open window, with the low western sunlight shining upon her, as it had shone on the evening when he kissed her. The words which he had to speak did not come to him very easily; he loved her too much to be overbold. But in that last happy hour of his youth there was no shadow of doubt in his mind. He had never contemplated the possibility of a refusal on Catherine's part; he had never told himself that he might have a rival; he had never doubted that she loved him. In perfect faith he had accepted her grateful affection, her frank sisterly regard, as an earnest of the love that was to be given to him when he pleaded for it. He was rather ashamed of himself for having been so backward in pleading, that was all.

"Catherine," he said at last, drawing his chair nearer hers, "I have something to say to you."

She had been working busily until this moment, but she laid aside her work as he spoke, and turned her calm pensive face toward him.

"And I want to speak to you, cousin," she answered, blushing a bright rosy red all of a sudden. "There is something I have been wanting to say for the last three days, but I hadn't the courage. And yet I know how good you are, and that nothing in the world could make you unkind to me."

"Surely not, my dear. Unkind to *you*, Catherine! How could I ever be that?"

"Of course not; and that's why it has been so foolish in me to feel afraid of speaking frankly. I think you must know how happy and peaceful my life has been in this dear old house, Cousin Philip, and how grateful I must ever be to you and your dear father for all your goodness to me, but—but—we are both young, and it would not do for us to go on living here together. People would think it strange. Mrs. Dorkin told me as much a day or two ago—and the evening after Cousin Samuel's death I had the offer of a new home. Don't think me ungrateful, pray, Cousin Philip, or that I want to run away from you. Indeed, I can not fancy a sister loving her only brother better than I love you, but I must go away—every one says that."

She looked at him just a little anxiously, the blush fading slowly away from the sweet face.

"A new home! Why should you go away, Catherine? What need you care if some malicious fool should slander us? It is hardly possible for malice to go so far as that; and it can matter so little to us, for—" And then, without finishing the sentence, he exclaimed, "The offer of a new home, Catherine! What home?"

"Mrs. Tolson—George's mother—has asked me to stay with her till—till I am married."

She was blushing again by this time, and the heavy lids drooped over the glorious dark eyes.

"Till you are married!"

"Yes, Cousin Philip. I ought to have told you sooner, perhaps, but it happened while you were away, and it seemed such a stupid thing to write about, somehow. George Tolson has asked me to be his wife, and—and—I love him very dearly—and we are to be married in a month or two. We shall not be rich, of course, for George has his mother to keep—that is his first duty—but we can live happily on a very little, we love each other so truly."

The ghastly change in her cousin's face stopped her suddenly in the midst of her innocent confession.

"Cousin, dear Cousin Philip," she exclaimed, "you are not angry?"

"Angry!" cried the young man; "you have broken my heart. What, didn't you know that I loved you? didn't you know that every hope I had was built upon the security of your love? When I kissed you that night I went away, if you had doubted before, could you doubt then what I felt for you?"

"Indeed, Philip, I thought it was only a cousin's kiss. We have been like brother and sister; I never dreamed you cared for me more than you might have cared for a sister."

"Of course not!" Philip Rayner cried, with a bitter laugh. "What is easier than to say that? And he, the scoundrel, the traitor, the false friend I brought to this house, the sneaking villian who came into our firm a beggar—he to go behind my back and steal you!"

"Stop, Philip! I can not hear you say those things of him. What right had he to suppose that you cared for me? It is too cruel, too unjust; dear cousin, be reasonable, be like yourself. Whatever sin I have committed against you has been done in ignorance. I shall never cease to be grateful to you; never cease to feel affectionately toward you. Be generous, Cousin Philip; tell me that you forgive me."

"Forgive you!" cried the man, in a blind fury. "To the last hour of my life—if I live to be a hundred years old—I will never speak to you again! I pray God I may never see your face any more!"

And with those words upon his lips he went out of the room, went away from her, with a sullen determination to hate those two who had wronged him until the end of his days.

He left the house at once, and roamed away into the dreariest outskirt of the City, a desert tract where there were buildings newly begun, abandoned skeletons of houses, and a wide margin of brick-fields. All the night through he rambled about this dismal region, with a fever in his brain, and no consciousness of fatigue, no consciousness even of the scene around him.

It was in the broad summer sunshine that he went home; his clothes whitened with dust and stained with the night dews, his face wan and haggard. Laborers going to their work in the early morning stopped to stare at him as he passed them. One of the sour-faced maid-servants was cleaning the door-step when he went in, and gazed at him aghast, but he scarcely saw her. He washed himself and changed his clothes with a half-mechanical sense of the proprieties, and then went down to that every-day parlor which had a little while ago seemed to him such a pleasant home-like room. There was a solitary-looking breakfast-table laid for one; and instead of Catherine Paroldi's presence there was a little note addressed to Philip Rayner; a tender, pleading little letter, assuring him once again of her gratitude for his goodness to a friendless orphan, beseeching him once more to be generous and forgiving, and telling him that, let him act toward her as he would, she would never cease to be his grateful and affectionate Catherine.

He read the letter three times with a fierce hungry look in his face, a rage of mingled hate and love, then crushed it in his hand and flung it into the empty grate. And having done that, he determined to recommence his life upon a new system; to shut that false girl's image out of his mind, to devote all his energies and all his thoughts to business.

The first letter he wrote when he had seated himself at his desk in his private counting-house, for the first time since his journey, was a brief epistle to George Tolson, informing him that his services were no longer required, and that if he preferred any pecuniary compensation instead of the ordinary term of notice, such a course would be more agreeable to the feelings of his obedient servant, Philip Rayner.

The answer to this was prompt enough. It told the new chief of Rayner, Rayner, and Sons, that Mr. Tolson required neither notice nor compensation, and that he should have quitted the office forever before his note could be delivered to Mr. Rayner.

"He will find another situation, I suppose," Philip said to himself, "for the scoundrel is clever. He had a hundred and fifty a year with us; he will scarcely get so much elsewhere. At best it can only be genteel beggary, a perpetual struggle for bare existence. And what is there that I could have denied her if she had married me? She will think of that sometimes, surely."

How far Philip Rayner succeeded in shutting out the image of the girl he had loved was best known to himself. From the hour in which he left her on the night of his father's funeral he never spoke of her again to any human creature. Whatever curiosity he may have felt as to her fate, he kept locked in his own breast, making no attempt to discover what became of her.

The years passed, and he lived on, without change of any kind, in the dull old city house. Friends he had none. The only man he had ever made a companion was George Tolson. Acquaintances of course he had in the way of business—people who thought well of him, and would fain have had him for a guest at their houses, but he refused all invitations. The gloomy solitude of the old house near the Tower best suited his gloomy humor. People asked him sometimes why he did not buy a place at Clapham, or Dulwich, or Norwood, and live more in accordance with his fortunes. He always told them, with the same dreary smile, that he did not care for the country, he was fond of London. One day a bolder spirit than the rest asked him plainly why he had never married. The dark look with which Philip Rayner answered the question put an effectual stop to all further inquiries upon *that* head.

So his life went on, buying and selling, and daily growing richer; coming home every day to the same lonely room; eating and drinking sparingly in solitude; sitting alone through the long evening with a neglected book lying on the table before him, or wandering alone in the familiar streets and in the suburban roads that he had trodden long ago with George Tolson; and for any pleasure or variety there was in his life he might as well have been some wretched galley-slave, toiling under the sunshine of Southern France. So the years went by, and brought him no tidings of those he hated, no mutation in his own monotonous life. It was ten years after she had left his house when he saw Catherine Paroldi, or Catherine Tolson as, of course, she must be now. She flashed past him one winter's afternoon at dusk in a crowded city street, a tall slim figure dressed in black, with great dark eyes and a wan face. It was only when she had passed him some moments that he knew, by the quickened beating of his heart, who it was that had been so near to him. He turned, and would fain have followed her, impelled by a strange curiosity to learn the circumstances of her life, but she was lost in the crowd by the time he had recovered himself so far as to be able to look about for her.

Great Heaven, how her face haunted him after that November twilight! She was poor—he was sure of that; he had read as much even in his brief glimpse of that wan face; poor and careworn, alone in the city street; jostled by the crowd, hurrying homeward to some sordid refuge; *she* for whom life should have been one bright holiday, had she chosen to be his wife. He laughed aloud as he thought of his money, and the home he could have given her. Not that dull city mansion which served well enough for him, but a suburban palace set in a fairy-land of gardens, carriages, lackeys, diamonds to crown the pale brow. O God, how different life might have been for both of them had she but loved him! He hated her with a double hatred as he thought of what they had each lost; hated her for the wrong done to herself as well as for the wrong done to him.

He took out his bank-book that night, the modest parchment-bound volume in which a prosperous trader is apt to find a more soothing influence than in the brightest dreams of poets, or the most profound philosophizing of sages. Yes, a loose thousand or two had accumulated since he had last taken a survey of his affairs; a little more to invest in some safe and profitable way, in India bonds or unimpeachable railway debentures. A couple of thousand pounds! and that poor pinched face of hers had looked as if a ten-pound note would have been a boon to her.

"I never thought that George Tolson would succeed in life," Philip Rayner said to himself that night; "he was too volatile. Clever, I admit, but with that sort of superficial cleverness which seldom helps a man to make a fortune."

From that time forward the face that had flashed past him in the crowded street was always with him. She had haunted him before in her girlish grace and beauty; she came before him now like the sad shadow of some wandering soul in Hades, and still he told himself that he hated her. What was her poverty to him? If she had been on her knees before him pleading for help, he would have been deaf as stone to her prayers. She had chosen for herself; let her abide the issue.

It was more than a year after this when he saw the man who had once been his friend, George Tolson. The two men met at an obscure street corner near the Royal Exchange, Philip returning from an agreeable visit to his stock-broker's, the other emerging suddenly from a public-house, a gaunt, shabby figure, with a haggard, unshaven face.

A faint flush lit up the careworn face as the man recognized the son of his old employer, and he made as if he would have spoken to him; but Philip Rayner brushed past him and hurried on, very pale, and with a dark, forbidding countenance. No, there was nothing but hatred in his heart for this man. George Tolson looked after him, irresolute, for a minute or so, then gave a heavy sigh, and walked slowly on. Whatever vague hope might have impelled him to approach that sometime friend died out at sight of the pale, angry face.

Thus Philip Rayner twice lost the opportunity of discovering the fate of these two people who had once been so much to him.

Another year had gone, and Philip Rayner was forty years of age. It was his birthday; a dull sunless day late in October, with a cruel easterly wind blowing all day long. Rather a dreary occasion a birthday for a man who stands quite alone in the world. No one congratulated Philip Rayner upon this completion of another year in his life, not even his servants, for he had long ago dropped all ceremonial on such anniversaries, and no bottle of wine was opened in the kitchen for the drinking of the master's health. He was a man who abjured all sentiment, and yet his loneliness, his utter isolation, did strike him just a little painfully upon this particular day. And it must needs be always so, for all the years to come. He had not a friend in the world. He might live forty years more, and see forty more such birthdays, in the same dull old house, in the same death-like silence and solitude. For the first time he felt as if those grim, paneled walls were horrible to him. They seemed to close in upon him like the walls of a vault. He started up from his fireside in a sudden paroxysm of despondency, and hurried out of the house. Once in the open air, it mattered to him nothing where he went. The clocks were striking seven, and the traffic of the day was for the most part over. He had the streets almost to himself. It was a supreme relief to him to have left that silent, shadowy parlor, always haunted now by the ghost of what once had been, and to be out under the open sky. He walked on, careless where he went; crossed London Bridge, and made his way far out by obscure streets and by-roads till he found himself in a dismal neighborhood beyond Walworth—a bleak, barren outskirt, where there was a ghastly patch of waste ground that had once been a common, hemmed in by shabby streets of new-built houses, the greater part of which seemed to be still untenanted.

The exploration of these sordid streets afforded some kind of amusement to Philip Rayner. Perhaps it was pleasant to him to contrast the squalor which prevailed in this small, obscure world, making itself manifest in a hundred trivial ways, with his own prosperous condition. If he had no one else to wish him joy upon his birthday, he could at least congratulate himself upon his wealth, and wonder how these people endured the burden of their existence: he who, an hour ago, had rushed out of his comfortable home, unable to bear the sudden agony of its solitude, the thought of all the monotonous, joyless years that he was to live in it.

He turned presently into a darker and lonelier street than the rest, where there were more empty houses and an air of desolation more profound than any thing he had seen elsewhere. Yet the houses were better and larger than those in the neighborhood, with little bits of garden ground before them.

Here all was so silent that Philip Rayner could hear the low, suppressed sobbing of a child who stood on the opposite side of the road, looking down at something on the ground, with clasped hands, a humble image of despair. He was not a hard-hearted man in a general way, and could not witness a child's distress quite unmoved. He crossed the street quickly, and went up to the child. She was a small, delicate-looking girl, with an air of shabby gentility, and a pale, thoughtful little face; a girl who might have been any age from eight to twelve.

"What is the matter, my child?" Philip asked, kindly.

"The medicine, Sir; the medicine for mamma," the girl answered, still looking down at the ground, where Philip now perceived the relics of a broken bottle. "It is very particular, and very dear. I had to fetch it from the chemist's, and it slipped out of my hand somehow just as I was close to home, and yet I meant to be so careful. Oh dear, dear, dear, what can I do?"

"Why, leave off crying, to be sure, my little maiden, and get another bottle of medicine. That is the best thing to be done."

"But the money, Sir. I oughtn't to say such things to a stranger, but it was the last there was in the house. There's no more. Mamma will have to go without the medicine, and she's so very, very ill."

"That she shall not, little one. Come back to the chemist with me, and I'll find plenty of money for him."

"Oh, will you really, Sir? How good, how very good!"

It was rather a long walk to the high-road where the chemist lived, and he had plenty of time to study the little creature who walked so patiently beside him, looking up in his face and answering all his questions with a meek gratitude that touched him profoundly. It was so small a thing that he was doing; a matter of a couple of shillings, perhaps, at most. How friendless the poor must needs be, when such a trifling service seemed so much to them!

The girl was eleven years old, the eldest of the family. There were three other little ones at home, two girls and a boy. Papa's name was Turner. He had been very unfortunate, could not get a situation in the City, and was earning a very little now by writing for some obscure newspaper. He was very clever, the child said, but not so good as mamma. And poor mamma had felt all the trouble so much, and it had made her very ill. It was her heart, the doctor said.

All this the little girl told him with childish frankness, and yet with the womanly tone of a child whom hard experience has made older than her years. They found the chemist's shop still open, had the prescription made up again, and then Philip Rayner, loth to lose sight of the little girl just yet, or to leave her unprotected in the streets, went back with her. She entreated him earnestly not to put himself out of his way on her account. She was quite accustomed to be out as late as that, she said; but he would take no denial, and went home with her, impelled by a strange curiosity to see the place where she lived.

She led him into the parlor, a bare wretched-looking room, though it was clean, and there had evidently been some feeble attempt to make things comfortable. The furniture was of the scantiest and the shabbiest—a rickety-looking Pembroke table, and three or four dilapidated cane chairs. That was all. An unkempt servant-maid, a mere girl of fifteen or so, emerged from the back premises as they went into the little passage, carrying a tallow-candle, by the light of which Philip Rayner took his first survey of the parlor. It seemed as if the child divined the meaning of that look.

"It's not our furniture," she said; "that was taken away for the rent more than a month ago. Some kind neighbors lent us these things, and the landlord lets us stay till the house is let; when it is, we must go."

"What a time you've been, Miss Mary!" exclaimed the servant, looking rather curiously at the unknown visitor. "Your mar has been frightened about you."

"I had an accident with the medicine, Sally. I shouldn't have been able to bring any at all, but for this gentleman's kindness."

The unkempt handmaiden, who was evidently of a soft-hearted nature, threw up her hands and stared at the stranger with goggle-eyed admiration.

"It's not many friends you've got, poor child, goodness knows," she said. "It's well there's some can feel for you."

"And mamma?" asked the little girl, eagerly. "Has she been better while I've been away, Sally?"

"She's been very quiet," the servant answered, dubiously; "but you know she's always that. Complaints never pass her lips."

"And have the children slept?"

"Like tops, Miss Mary. I only wish you'd been in bed along of 'em, as you ought to be at your age."

"Yes," responded Philip; "it's late for this poor child to be about, and she seems a fragile little creature."

"Ah, Sir," replied the servant with a groan, "if you knew what that child goes through, and how patient she is, and what a head she has, beyond her years! She's kep the house together somehow, when things must all have gone to ruin but for her. And as to me—there, I haven't had a half-penny for wages or beer-money for the last six months, and have hard words besides from master when he's out of sorts. But, lor, I haven't got the heart to leave *her*."

"No, no, Sally dear, you couldn't leave me," said the child, clinging to her.

Philip Rayner looked down at them, wondering at them and at this new glimpse of life. The child was such a little lady in the midst of her poverty, had such an air of grace and refinement in her premature womanliness, that he was more interested in her than he could have believed it possible for him to be in a creature so far away from himself. He stood looking down at her, wondering what he could best do to help her, and as shy and awkward as if he had found himself suddenly in the presence of a duchess.

"I shall come back to-morrow evening to inquire how your mamma is, Miss Turner," he said, "if you have no objection."

"Oh no, no, indeed; I am so grateful to you."

Then he shuffled out of the place somehow,